Mrs W B Smith

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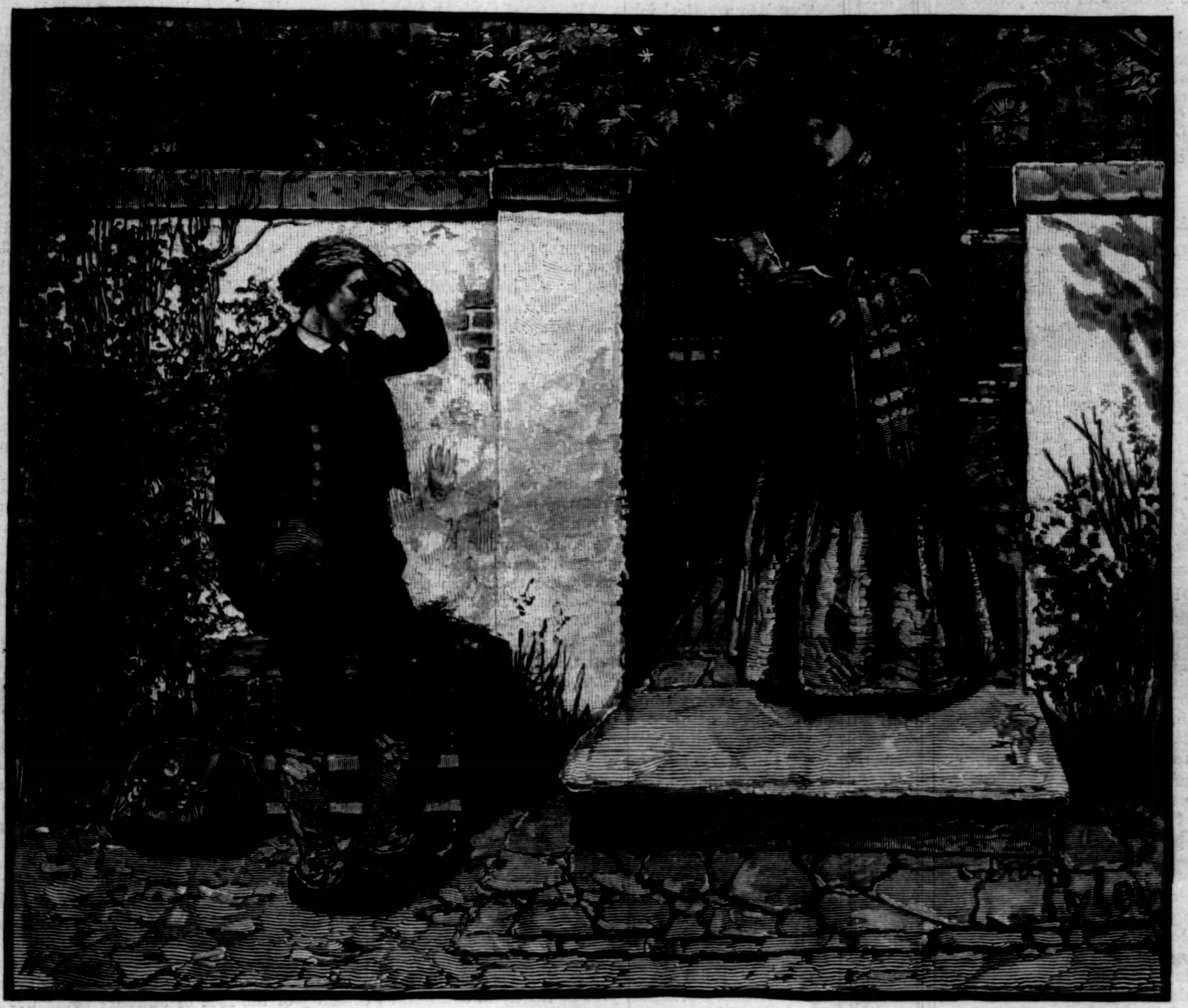


"HOLDING FORTH THE MISSIVE, HE STOOD BY, BREATHLESS AND SPEECHLESS."—[See Serial, "Exchange no Robbery," Page 91, No. 1312.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1312.]

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY;

OR, FATED BY A JEST.

By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty."

I.—(*Continued.*)

The return of her quiet little foster-sister awakened all kinds of slumbering aspirations and dormant hopes connected with them, for the little Countess Hildegarde, as she was called, though in reality a more exalted title was properly hers, belonged to that great enviable world for which Hilda craved. In early childhood this fact had formed the superstructure of Hilda's wide dreams, and now the very thought of reunion stirred them once more in her heart.

Hildegarde sick, who but her humble sister of adoption should attend upon her? Hildegarde convalescent, their old childish intimacies would be renewed; and Hildegarde well, what more probable than that she might obtain permission to take back with her into the stately ducal palace far away her foster-sister and closest friend? To cross the border-land dividing peasant from princess, sordidness from splendor, a narrow social groove for the great theatre of life, such was the girl's ambition, and Hildegarde was the person who could prove an opportunity.

Never had that homeward journey seemed so tedious. "Would they never arrive?" she asked of the postboy again and again. The sun had almost touched the vineyards rising high above the village when at last they did reach their journey's end. Hilda's cheeks flushed with excitement as she prefigured the encounter to come. It must be confessed—and let her youthful inconsequence, perhaps hardness, be not too severely blamed—the thought of her grandmother's stupor of astonishment, and of the maid Grettel's frantic ejaculations, made her smile by anticipation. It would be not a little ludicrous, but she should have her way.

And true enough, as she daintily picked a path through the somewhat miry road leading to the farm-house, her appearance was the beginning of a commotion that might have turned out badly for the sick girl, had she not been placed in the other side of the house.

The first person to perceive her was Grettel, just then coming out of the neat-house with a pailful of milk in each hand.

"Ah, heavens! the young lady!" was all Grettel could say; and brought to a sudden standstill by the surprise, her frothing pails were jerked on one side, and half the contents spilled—a misfortune that honest Grettel had hardly forgot years after.

"Ah, heavens! the young lady!" (Ach! Himmel! das Fräulein!) she went on ejaculating to herself, not for worlds venturing to stir a step farther. Hilda had worked all the mischief; it was Hilda's place to lead the way. Truth to tell, poor Grettel hoped that in the excitement of her granddaughter's return, the severe Dame Anna would overlook the wasted milk.

Hilda, not one whit abashed, walked coolly into the kitchen, when, however, a single word from the horrified old lady within did blanch her cheeks for a moment.

There is no necessity to mention the uncomely word that for a few instants made even the audacious young Hilda turn pale, and feel a trembling of the knees. The nature of her foster-sister's illness was of a more dreaded kind than she had surmised, and it was held in especial horror throughout Germany just then on account of the epidemic form it was wearing in some parts.

But Hilda's dismay was transient, and her attitude of splendid fearlessness did not a little to check Dame Anna's almost hysterical lamentations and Grettel's loud-spoken terrors. Her chivalrous notions of attending on the invalid were, however, peremptorily stopped by an authority to which even she felt bound to bow.

The young but clever village doctor, friend and neighbor to boot, who happened to arrive that moment, refused her request once and for all. The utmost she could obtain from him was permission to remain in the house, and make herself useful in the kitchen.

"You have vaunted your knowledge of cooking obtained at the Catharine School," said Dr. Edouard, so called to distinguish him from his uncle, an old bachelor of the same surname; "now"—and as he spoke he perused her with underlying satire—"now is the time to prove that it is not all empty boast."

Hilda tossed her pretty head.

"I am able and willing to make anything and everything you order for your patient," she said. The girl's high spirit would proclaim itself in all her actions, even the most trivial. "Please, Dr. Edouard, give all your orders to me."

A looker-on might have supposed from the bewitching little cooking costume in which Hilda presented herself before the young doctor next day that she was an arrant coquette, bent on captivating him by a display of the prettiest pair of wrists in the world. But such was not the case; at least no coquetry actuated the girl's mind at that moment—only a mixture of spite and playful bravado. She was bent on displaying her powers, bent also on creating as much of an impression as possible. She did not seek to charm, only to impose.

"I have no objection whatever to give you orders so long as they are carried out to the utmost particular," the doctor replied, his brown eyes still mischievous and inquisitorial. "Any deviation from them will be punished by immediate banishment."

Hilda made a little grimace of disgust.

"The sooner we get the princess well," she said, with some show of temper, "the sooner we shall get rid of a tyrannical doctor, so no fear of lapses on *my* part, then, Herr Doctor."

"You might have put the same sentiment in more amiable form," said Dr. Edouard, evidently much amused; "however, as the intention is good, I forgive the unpoliteness of the speech."

"Thank you," replied Miss Hilda, dropping a pert little courtesy.

The doctor drew from his pocket a piece of chalk, and thereupon very deliberately made a line from the spot where Hilda stood by the kitchen table to the staircase.

"This line you are not to pass," he said; "and as you have chosen to come here in defiance of all prohibition, you must sleep with Grettel in an out-house as best you can."

"We shall make ourselves perfectly comfortable," was the young lady's reply.

"And you must give me your word to attempt no manner of communication with my patient at present," added the doctor.

"If you have no faith in my honor, my word will avail little," answered Hilda.

"Then you quite understand, Fräulein Hilda," he said, and looked from her to the chalked line much as would a school-master laying down the law to a child; "you know what you may and what you may not do."

"I am neither blind, deaf, nor an idiot, thank Heaven!" was the retort.

[*Continued on page* 100.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF
HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the WEEKLY and BAZAR previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 120, published February 14, contains, among other interesting matter, stories, sketches, and illustrations appropriate to the day upon which it is issued.

The front page is an admirable wood-engraving by W. A. ROGERS, *illustrating a Valentine Story by* MRS. MARGARET EYTINGE; *there is a continued story by* MRS. JOHN LILLIE *upon the same theme; two fanciful illustrations by* MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, *with an accompanying poem; and a bright little drawing by* SOL EYTINGE, *entitled "His First Valentine."*

The boys will be specially interested in the Scotch game of Curling as described by SHERWOOD RYSE. *The Serial Story retains its interest, and Jimmy Brown relates another of his thrilling adventures.*

For those who have a taste for instructive reading there is an article entitled "Picciola," by MRS. SOPHIE HERRICK, *fully illustrated, and explaining in an interesting manner some of the leading principles of botany.*

THE PROPOSED AMERICAN CONGRESS.

IN MR. BLAINE'S recent letter to the President upon the proposed Congress of certain American powers it is implied very plainly that the Executive change of opinion was due to a wish not to offend friendly European governments. This, however, is not a reproach, unless it be held to be unbecoming in the United States to consider friendly powers. Certainly it is as sound a principle in public relations as in private intercourse not to offend needlessly. There is, of course, no purpose of asking permission to invite a Congress of American states. But if a Congress should be called, it need not be called in a manner which is necessarily offensive and suspicious. The European powers undoubtedly hold Congresses without inviting our presence, and the Holy Alliance sixty years ago proposed to settle the condition of European colonies and communities upon this continent fighting for independence without consulting us. But to-day, if we had large possessions in Europe, there is no doubt that we should be bidden to any general European Congress intended to promote a policy of mutual good understanding, unless such a declared purpose was a mere feint.

In the present instance, so far as offense is concerned, Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN'S dispatch does not mention Europe, nor imply Europe, except as Great Britain is concerned with Canada. And if there is to be a Congress of states upon this continent, can any good reason be alleged for excluding that one which is nearest to us, and which is also a state of our own race and language and political traditions? Shall we cultivate friendship with Peru at the expense of friendship with Canada? The scheme of a partial league of American states for some indefinite purpose is both fantastic and apparently useless. For commercial and industrial objects it would be futile, as compared with specific treaties, unless it were intended that the power of the United States should practically dominate South America; and if that be the purpose, let it be plainly declared. If the object of the Congress were to prevent South American wars, there must be an understanding of something more effective with Spanish American generals than moral suasion, and the Congress would therefore result either in vapid declarations, or in a radical and total departure from the wise traditions of our government.

It is not impossible that a public man of a mind so agile and of so impulsive a temperament as the late Secretary of State has seen in imagination a great American confederation of republics, on the one hand developing popular principles to their utmost point, and on the other fraternally fostering the industry and various resources of a continent. But the moral support of the United States is already given to every honest and intelligent republic in the world by the mere fact that the United States is one of the most powerful and prosperous of nations, and material support can be afforded only upon definite conditions, while commercial relations can be adjusted, as they are now, by treaty. To enter a Congress, and to agree in advance to ask but one vote, then to submit any really important question to the decision of Peru, Costa Rica, and other such states, would be for the United States an act of sheer folly. But in any case the people of this country would have had reason to be greatly surprised if they had learned that, without any intimation to Congress in either branch, the Government was committed to a continental Conference which would be either merely declamatory and ridiculous, or would gravely imperil its historical policy. As we understand the situation, the President has merely called a halt, without declining a Conference if it be really desirable.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

THE late practical jokes at Princeton College, and at Cornell, Brown, Syracuse, and Rochester Universities, with the Harvard OSCAR WILDE demonstration, must seem as foolish, upon reflection, to Dr. Birch's young friends themselves as they do to everybody else. Smashing windows and wrenching off knobs and knockers, and kidnapping a pair of young men, and eating a supper which somebody else has ordered, although the last is a harmless pleasantry, are a little absurd in the retrospect. Boys undoubtedly will be boys. But gentlemen do not cease to be gentlemen because they go to college. When practical jokes come to destroying property and disturbing the public peace, as in Princeton, they properly fall under the supervision of the police, and the fine inflicted upon the young men was not a tribute either to manliness or to the genius of humor, but a witness to probable intoxication, and so far to the dishonor of their *alma mater*.

There is a great and radical and beneficial change in the college idea in this country within a quarter of a century. The college is ceasing to be an upper academy, and becoming a true university. This is the marked and advantageous tendency. But "hazing" and practical joking such as that recently recorded belong to the district and primary school epoch. It discredits the college. We wonder whether the alumni of Yale in New York rejoice in the annual autumn performance of Yale men which takes place in the city, and which, as it is reported in the newspapers, seems to be a rather poor kind of negro minstrel exhibition. Possibly it represents the exuberance of youth, and high spirits, and the just rites of Momus. But if that be the effect at the moment, it is not preserved in the reports. Collegiate *esprit de corps* should seem to stimulate everything that can increase the honorable renown of *alma mater*. But there are antics that do not produce this effect. Fun is good, but all is not fun that is called so.

We know, indeed, that however virtuous critics may be, there will still be collegiate cakes and ale. Good: but not stale beer nor bad whiskey. Practical jokes inflicted by men of one class upon another are usually stupidities and inhumanities. Those who have read Miss BURNEY'S *Evelina* will recall the dismal performances called practical jokes which are described in that delightful tale. Tipping a carriage into a ditch is one of the humorous escapades of the practical joker in *Evelina*. The comedy of such feats is as completely hidden as if it did not exist. And this is equally true of the ordinary practical joke of the small collegian. There should be an active public opinion in college which by condemning lawlessness and outrage as unmanly would tend strongly to suppress them. Rioters within or without college walls must be dealt with by the courts, but it concerns every man who respects his college to remember that it is a public misfortune to feed the prejudice against colleges as nurseries of disorder, extravagance, and dissipation.

A NEW DANGER.

THE recent burning of the old *World* building, with the consequent loss of life, has naturally aroused a deep feeling in the community, which was increased by the simultaneous report that one of the new huge buildings for offices was settling if not falling. The great height of the modern structures for offices and dwellings which are now springing up throughout the city, with the evident perils of the shafts for elevators, suggest an enormously increased risk of human life. It is incredible that such a building as that known as the *World* building should have been tolerated, if the reports of its flimsiness be accurate, and if there be any authority whatever in the city charged with the safety of the citizens. The most startling illustration of the rapidity of the fire was the statement of Dr. PRIME, the editor of the *Observer*. He was sitting at his desk at ten o'clock in the morning. He heard a commotion and cry of fire, and rising instantly, without stopping even to take his hat, he had barely time to reach the street, while his brother, who delayed a moment to secure some papers, could only escape at imminent peril by stepping from a window, and walking along upon a sign to the next building.

No building which can be burned so rapidly is fit for human occupation. Yet it is asserted that the flimsiness of the building was generally known. Those who had been occupants now state that they always feared some such catastrophe. The building had been examined with a view to additions. It was in the very heart of the busiest part of the city. Yet nothing was done; no warning was given. Even the day before, the walls around a flue were so hot that the proprietor was urged to call the Fire Department, and have the building watched and hose made ready. Still nothing was done. Suddenly the fire which had been apprehended burst out, and amidst a wild winter gale, and universal horror and dismay, and swift flight for life, and the torture and death of hapless victims, the pile is consumed like a bonfire. Such an event accuses our civilization and our common-sense. Somebody is to blame. And we are all to blame if we do not insist that there shall be such supervision of buildings that death-traps shall not be erected. Let the buyer beware, is a good enough motto, if the buyer is able to know what he is buying. But a man who hires a room in one of the great modern hives can not always know how safe the building is. A stringent law conveying ample authority to public officers to secure safety, and to certify the fact of safety upon their responsibility, would do something to promote the general security.

If in the old *World* building there had been a certificate conspicuously posted to the effect that the structure had been carefully and thoroughly examined, and had been found strong and secure, that there were ample means of extinguishing fires, and of relief and escape in an emergency, and such a certificate had been signed by Mr. ESTERBROOK or some other duly qualified public officer, no occupant would have wondered how soon the building was to burst into sudden and universal flame, and force him to flee for his life. If a disaster should occur after such provision, the responsibility would be fixed and final. These appalling incidents are due in great part to the abolition of official responsibility, which is the characteristic of modern legislation; and when to this is added the selection of officers for positions requiring technical and special knowledge, solely by political and personal favor, and under conditions which make their tenure depend, not upon good service, but upon propitiating a politician, everything practicable has been done to make laws impotent, and to produce the very evils which the laws are intended to avert. Political nursing in hospitals, political cleaning of the streets, political care of the parks, and political inspection of buildings, condemn us in those respects to cruelty, extravagance, inefficiency, to enormous but needless suffering, and death.

THE SPUYTEN DUYVIL MASSACRE.

THE Grand Jury indicted the conductor and brakeman of the Hudson River train at the time of the slaughter at Spuyten Duyvil for manslaughter in the fourth degree, and the jury censured Superintendent TOUCEY and the management of the road for neglect in providing proper precautions for safety at the Spuyten Duyvil cut. This is very mild treatment of the company. It was criminally negligent in not making due provision for the safety of the train—quite as criminally negligent as the proprietor of a building who does not take obvious measures to protect the lives of his tenants. Had there been reasonable safeguards upon the Hudson River Railroad, the calamity of the 13th of January could not have occurred.

The presentment of the Grand Jury proceeds to details which show how utterly careless the management has been. It declares that the cut was not adequately guarded, and that the rate of speed was too high. It finds in general that the methods of lighting and heating cars by mineral oils and coal stoves are dangerous, and should not be permitted; that there should be more hands upon the trains; that the electric signal service now in use between the Central Dépôt and Harlem Bridge should be applied within the city limits on all railroads that end in the city; and that upon all such railroads a combination of the time-block system and the Pennsylvania system should be introduced. The jury propose further that all dangerous cuts, and especially that at Spuyten Duyvil, shall have flag-men at each end, besides a patrol, and that the rules and regulations in regard to the safety of trains should be conspicuously displayed in every passenger-car. They also declare that every trainman should be able to read and write, and that every train should be provided with a tool-box filled with necessary tools. The Grand Jury finally held that the giving of free passes to official persons is contrary to public policy, and should be prohibited by law.

These are all excellent propositions, and by implication they arraign the management of every railroad which has not made such provision for the safety of passengers. The presentment of the Grand Jury leaves the public to discriminate degrees of guilt in the Spuyten Duyvil case between the conductor and brakeman and the company under whom they acted. Had the company done what every company of humane and intelligent men ought to have done, the stain of the wanton and cruel massacre would not rest upon its good name. Every passenger upon the road hereafter will naturally look closely to see how much of the warning and recommendation of the

Grand Jury has been heeded. The Legislature also may wisely ponder the presentment. It seems to be generally understood that it was a "dead-head" legislator—a drunken member of the Legislature travelling upon a free pass—who caused the catastrophe by stopping the train. Free passes do not produce drunkenness, indeed, and there are said to have been sixty or seventy free passes upon the train. This fact is merely collateral. But the free-pass system is a scheme of petty and contemptible bribery which should not be tolerated. Why does a railroad company select legislators as the recipients of such favors? If it had no favor to ask in return, it would not give passes as a courtesy. Iowa is prohibiting this kind of bribery by law. The Legislature of New York may well express its opinion of such cheap corruption.

"TRAITORS" AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

Mr. Thurlow Weed is an ardent and sincere supporter of the spoils system of patronage. But while stating his views with his usual directness and vigor, he is, and doubtless unconsciously, unfair in his statement of the methods that he condemns. In a recent letter to the *Tribune*, commenting upon a note of Naval-Officer Burt, Mr. Weed says: "The traitor who endeavored to destroy the government and Union, who answers more idle questions than the patriot who periled his life in the Union army, carries off the prize." Yet Mr. Burt states expressly that every candidate is required to present satisfactory vouchers that he is faithful to the Union and the Constitution. The Statutes of the United States, Section 1754, already provide that persons honorably discharged from the military or naval service by reason of disability resulting from wounds or sickness incurred while in the line of duty shall be preferred for appointment to civil offices, provided they are found to be fitted. Besides this provision, it is always within the discretion of the appointing officer, under the reformed system, to select among those who are proved to be fittest those who have served in the army or navy.

But to insist that an applicant shall be rejected for appointment, however competent and suitable, solely because he was a Confederate, is to insist upon a proscription which has been most wisely discountenanced by the government of the United States. President Grant appointed a leader of the rebellion to be Minister to Russia, and a Virginian rebel raider to be a consul; President Hayes invited an ex-rebel general into the cabinet, and sent another as Minister to Turkey; and President Arthur is understood to have given to an ex-rebel general a great part in the control of national patronage in his State. This last proceeding, if true, is indefensible, but not for Mr. Weed's reason. All these things were and are done surely not because there are not applicants who were loyal Union men, but because proscription is not, and ought not to be, the policy of the government. And if it is not so in the highest, most responsible, and most politically representative offices of the government, it should certainly not be so in the most subordinate, non-political positions, in which nothing but fitness, intelligence, honesty, and efficiency are desired. Mr. Weed's word "traitor," as he uses it, would be synonymous with Democrat, for he complains that the competitive system ignores party distinctions. His protest, therefore, is a plea for "a clean sweep"—a system which is at this moment a very much greater peril to this government than the machinations of "traitors" like Longstreet and Key.

There is one other misapprehension and consequent misstatement in Mr. Weed's letter. No person whatever, "traitor" or otherwise, is appointed under the reformed system, as Mr. Weed alleges, because he answers more "idle questions" or any other kind of questions than somebody else. No appointment is made until the applicant has proved his capacity to discharge the duties of the place he seeks. But under the system favored by Mr. Weed there is no such requirement. The word of an "influential" person that the applicant is competent for the place sought is enough, and under that system we have known persons to be appointed by such influence when they had completely and conclusively demonstrated their unfitness. The reformed system breaks up corrupt and interested personal influence, selects the most intelligent applicants, and appoints only those who have proved their practical competency. It aids the knowledge, saves the time, and greatly increases the ability of the appointing officer to attend to his duties. It relieves the public officer of infamous partisan extortion and blackmail, and it restores and maintains his self-respect. It promotes the economy and efficiency of the public service, and tempers the ferocity of party spirit, against which Washington warned his countrymen. Mr. Weed trusts that the President will spurn such a system. We trust as earnestly that he will not.

SNOW AND STREETS.

A heavy snow-fall like that of last week is a serious event in the city of New York. It is not only that the snow naturally obstructs streets, but that the railroad companies aggravate the obstruction, until streets become impassable. On the Sixth Avenue, on the day after the late storm, the snow had been carefully removed from the railroad tracks and piled up between the tracks and the sidewalks, so that no passage was possible except upon the track.

In his recent admirable message Mayor Grace speaks of this situation, for which there is no remedy but legislation, as the courts have sustained the companies in their conduct. It might be supposed that the streets are primarily intended for the free passage of the public, and not for the profit of private companies. But having obtained the most valuable right of way practically for nothing, the companies proceed to destroy the use of the street for the rest of the public.

The Mayor's protest is reasonable and vigorous, and unless the citizens of New York are ready to acknowledge that the proper care of their streets is a task beyond the powers of a popular government, they will insist that the railroad companies shall be forbidden to make streets impassable after a snow-storm.

SENATOR DOUGLAS AND MANIFEST DESTINY.

Mr. Cutts, the brother-in-law of Senator Douglas, opportunely reports a conversation with the Senator in the summer of 1859 in regard to the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Mr. Douglas said that the English pretense of a treaty with the Mosquito Indians in Nicaragua was an intrigue to obtain control of that state. He added that on the day that it was known at Vera Cruz that the United States had made a treaty with Mexico by which an enormous tract of Mexican territory was transferred to the Union, the British fleet occupied the harbor of Greytown, hoping to bar the only channel to our new Pacific possessions. Mr. Douglas was too devoted to the great doctrine of manifest destiny to see that England had as good a right to the Mosquito territory as we had to the Mexican territory.

President Polk had sent out Mr. Hise as Minister to the Central American states, and he had made a treaty with Nicaragua which authorized the United States to construct a ship-canal between the oceans, under their exclusive protection. But the Hise Treaty did not reach Washington until General Taylor was President, and Mr. Clayton Secretary of State. Mr. Clayton refused to sign the treaty, insisting upon a joint protectorate with Great Britain, and negotiated another treaty with Sir Henry Bulwer, providing for such a protectorate. But even this treaty Mr. Clayton would not sign until he had secured the private pledges of two-thirds of the Senators that they would ratify it.

Mr. Douglas said that he was the only Senator who actively opposed the ratification. His position was that the United States should have the exclusive control over the transit route, and should open it to the world only in accordance with American interests. He held that this was imperative, because the time would soon come when we should annex the region adjacent, and he wished that there should be no entangling agreements. But when the question was put, there were but eight votes recorded against the ratification. Subsequently Mr. Cass and Mr. Soulé attacked Mr. Clayton, who, having entered the Senate, defended himself. Mr. Douglas replied to Mr. Clayton, and afterward said that he "used him up," that his speech made a great impression upon the country, and that the treaty had been odious ever since. However this may be, it is certainly a matter for congratulation that the buccaneering spirit of "manifest destiny" does not control the foreign policy of the United States.

NOVELISTS.

A writer in the last *Blackwood* says that in most arts the more good work an artist can do, the better for his enduring fame; but that in novel-writing it is not so, and the fewer works an author produces, the surer he is of remembrance. This, the writer thinks, is because the stream of time can not carry such a bulk of material, and because, however excellent the work and undoubted the genius, a novel is popularly believed to be a work of an essentially transitory nature.

The books of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, Disraeli, and G. P. R. James, to go no further, form of themselves a little library. Poor James has already disappeared, and Bulwer and Disraeli can not have a long date. But the explanation of the transitory reputation of many popular novelists is to be found rather in the peculiar adaptation of their stories to a transitory taste. G. P. R. James will be forgotten, not because he wrote so many books, but because his genius was not great and commanding. The law which gives immortality to works of genius in other arts will not fail in literature. Certain creations of Scott will be as permanently famous as those of Shakespeare and Cervantes, or of Raphael and Michael Angelo in kindred arts. Fame follows the exhortation of the advertisement, and gets and keeps the best.

Blackwood virtually compares the fame of a novelist with that of an actor, or singer, or virtuoso upon an instrument. But the writer forgets that literary form is as distinct and permanent as that of any other art. The book remains, although the author dies, and *Lear* survives with the Parthenon or the San Sisto.

THE PATCHOGUE POST-OFFICE.

If the President knows that the postmaster at Patchogue, in Suffolk County, New York, is in danger of being removed, for no misconduct or inefficiency whatever, but solely to gratify the vengeance of a faction of "Stalwarts," and if he permits the wrong to be done, his Administration will be very seriously injured in the opinion of honorable men of all parties. No reason for the removal has been given except that the incumbent is not a supporter of Mr. Stephen B. French and Mr. E. A. Carpenter, two Republicans who are not in sympathy with the great majority of Republicans in Suffolk County, to whom Mr. Carpenter, after deliberately disregarding their expressed wishes, vainly appealed for re-election to the Assembly. He was emphatically rejected, and the present performance at Patchogue seems to be a mere act of spite and vengeance upon the people of that town in general, and upon the Republican party in particular.

The Administration is wisely quiet. Its members do not gossip with reporters. But every act is visible, and the significance of every appointment is plain. Nothing can be done in a corner. If the patronage of the Government in this State is seen to be prostituted to the object of revenging the defeat of the two foolish Senators, Conkling and Platt, and of banning those who adhered to President Garfield in the ill-omened contest at Albany which the folly of the Senators produced, the spoils system will be more odious than ever, and the President, in the present state of public opinion, will invite general censure, and fatally divide his party.

Nothing can so surely strengthen his hold upon public respect and confidence, and so certainly assure the prosperity and success of his Administration, as the plain demonstration that in every such case as this of the Patchogue post-office he intends to hold to the sound principle declared in his letter of acceptance, and repeated in his Message, "that the rules which should be applied to the management of the public service may properly conform in the main to such as regulate the conduct of successful private business." Such rules certainly would not permit the discharge of an efficient and honorable clerk merely because another and discarded clerk wished to "get even with him."

PERSONAL.

M. Weiss, late Minister of Foreign Affairs under Gambetta, is the son of a Helvetian Jew, who entered a Swiss regiment as a bandmaster. During his boyhood he had much military drill, but afterward took to letters, and under the Empire had become well known and influential. Napoleon III. always felt uneasy in his presence, not liking his small observant eye and sarcastic smile. He and Gambetta have long been close friends.

—In the early days of Dr. Bellows an incident occurred which he used to relate with glee. At the close of a lecture in a small town in New Hampshire he had returned to the village tavern, and was warming himself at the fire before retiring for the night, when a farmer came in, and introducing himself, stated that he had attended his lecture with great instruction and delight, and in closing said: "I have got more than my money's worth. Please accept this, as I now want to pay you up," at the same time presenting a silver dollar. Like a sensible man, Dr. Bellows avoided any hurt to the feelings of his generous-hearted visitor by accepting the gift.

—Mrs. James, the wife of Henry James, Sen., died a few weeks since, at the age of seventy-two, and was ill only a short time. She was married to Mr. James when very young, and leaves only two children, Professor William James, of Harvard, and Henry James, Jun., the novelist.

—General James Watson Webb entered upon his eightieth year on the 8th inst. With perhaps the single exception of Mr. Weed, he is the oldest survivor of those journalists who nearly half a century ago commenced to bring into life, and afterward successfully organized, the great party which confronted and subsequently vanquished the Democratic party.

—A lineal descendant of Martin Luther, Herr W. Wolters, of Stuttgart, is still living. He was formerly a court actor, and claims descent through Luther's daughter Anna. The last representative of the male line, Professor Luther, of Leipsic, died in 1720.

—Senator Fair is the wealthiest man in Congress, and probably the richest office-holder in the world. He entertains liberally, and gives his leisure to the study of finance.

—The Duke of Portland does kindly things for those about him. Recently he gave a ball at Welbeck Abbey to over three hundred of his servants and tenants, and the new picture-gallery and the under-ground libraries were used for dancing and supper—a desecration which would have horrified the late duke. The duke opened the ball in a country-dance, the housekeeper being his partner, while Baroness Bolsover, his step-mother, danced with the house steward.

—Sir Charles Trevelyan has recently published a lecture on "Christianity and Hindooism Contrasted," in which he expresses his conviction that the conversion of India to Christianity will take place in a different way from that generally anticipated. When the absorption of Christian truth has gone far enough, he says, native opinion will declare itself, and "a nation will be born in a day."

—According to Senator Hale, Mr. Hamlin will scarcely retain the Spanish mission more than a year or so, "for there is nothing under the sun that could keep him away from the United States for four years." He accepted the mission because he had never been abroad, and wished to go.

—The largest check ever issued in Pennsylvania was drawn on the 1st inst. by Drexel & Co., and sent to the State Treasury to pay for State bonds recently bid for by that firm. The amount was $6,767,766 75.

—The late ex-Governor Bullock, of Massachusetts, presented one of the very best specimens of American official as well as social life. He inherited a fortune, which he enjoyed and dispensed wisely and well. In the letter of "Templeton," the Hartford *Courant's* accomplished Boston correspondent, it is said: "It was a treat to see him in the chair of our House of Representatives. He was more the polished and elegant gentleman than Banks, and his nature was warmer and more sympathetic than that of Winthrop. In his published orations there was a singular thoughtfulness as well as a remarkable eloquence and grace of style. In mental gifts Governor Bullock had no superior in the State. Personally he was one of the most agreeable and kind-hearted of men. In an intimate association with him extending daily over a large part of two years, I found no flaw in his character. The only criticism I could ever make was that his lack of ambition prevented his doing justice to his remarkable talents for statesmanship."

—In *Literary Notes*, an interesting book by A. P. Russell, we find this curious paragraph: "It has been remarked as an interesting fact that Wilberforce at the age of twenty-five and Wendell Phillips at the same age were the two persons who seemed the least likely of all their respective contemporaries to become world-renowned as advocates of the cause of antislavery. Wilberforce was returned to Parliament at twenty-one, when, according to his biographer, 'he became the idol of the fashionable world, dancing at Almack's, and singing before the Prince of Wales.' At twenty-five he abandoned his gayeties, entered upon a new life, and took up the great cause which he advocated during the remainder of his long career. Wendell Phillips at the age of twenty-two was a Boston lawyer, aristocratic, wealthy, handsome, polished, and sought after; colonel of a city militia company, and a lover of blooded horses, of fencing and boxing. He was born on Beacon Street, and his father was one of the most popular mayors Boston ever had. At Harvard University, where he graduated, he was president of the 'exclusive society' known as the Gentlemen's Club, and in fact he was the leader of the aristocratic party among the students. At twenty-five he abandoned his practice of law, gave up the fashionable world, and espoused the cause of the slave."

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

[*Continued from first page.*]

"A little womanly meekness should make you more thankful still," replied the doctor. "But time presses; proceed at once to make some chicken broth and lemonade."

Hilda turned away frowning, although the pair had no more skirmishes for some days. The doctor came and went by another entrance, communicating with that part of the house given up to the invalid alone. A slate was suspended outside the window bearing his orders for the day, and describing the condition of the patient. The food was hoisted up stairs by a temporary lift contrived by the young doctor for the emergency. For days Hilda and Grettel had no other communication with the improvised hospital up stairs.

II.

One fact meantime had lightened all hearts. The nature of the young Hildegarde's illness had been misconceived, and although stricken of a dangerous fever, it was not that kind most dreaded of all. No fear for the sweet girlish beauty Hilda remembered so well; things went nevertheless ill at first, and Dr. Edouard was so absorbed in wrestling with the malady that he had no time for a little skirmishing in the lower story.

"Ah," thought Hilda, ever apt to be ungenerous where the clever, rational, dominating young physician was concerned, "Dr. Edouard will make a fine cure. He will be decorated, he will be made court physician, ere another year be out."

No such motives were at work in Dr. Edouard's mind. It was not the exalted rank of the patient, rather her abject helplessness, that had appealed to him. He never thought of the daughter of an illustrious house, but of a lonely and neglected girl confided to his care under circumstances of peculiar hardship. In his eyes the fragile existence of the seventeen-year-old maiden wore added sanctity from the fact of its evident insignificance to others.

Truth to tell—this fact, as well as the supposed nature of her malady, must be dwelt on for the proper elucidation of the story—Hilda's *sœur de lait* was a waif and stray, an orphan and a nobody; hardly any living soul throughout her great-uncle's dominions could be less important. But she belonged to the ducal house, and however unfortunate such a fact to a family already overburdened with poor relations, she must be provided for.

But after what fashion? There were several reasons why the little girl was confided from earliest infancy to Frau Anna, the highly respectable wet-nurse to royal duchesses of two generations back. The child's future position was not yet decided upon. Offspring of a marriage unratified by ducal permission, it had seemed probable at one time that she would lose her princesssship altogether.

Such a decree would by no means exceed the sovereign's prerogative, and how much less expensively could she be provided for as Sister Dorothea or Sister Justine in one of those semi-conventual institutions offering a refuge to decayed Protestant ladies of noble family!

Anyhow, it was advisable to keep her in the background for a time; so under the name of the Countess Hildegarde—none but Frau Anna's immediate family being supposed to know of her exalted rank—she had passed in her earlier years. Happy enough they were, for she was well cared for; she loved her foster-sister and namesake Hildegarde—called Hilda in order to distinguish them—better than anything in the world. They were *sœurs de lait*, Hilda's mother having acted a maternal part to the royal fosterling. There seemed, indeed, a tie of blood between them, so fondly were they attached to each other. On Hildegarde's part it was the clinging of the weaker to the stronger, the sentimental to the coldly intellectual—a difference seen from their earliest years.

"Oh, Hilda," the other would say, as the days and the weeks and the months glided by, "dost thou not think I shall stay with thee now altogether, and that I am quite forgotten at my grand-uncle's?"

Her utmost ambition went no farther than this; but the little peasant-born Hilda would make impatient retort: "Thou shouldst rejoice at the bare notion of being sent for, and becoming a princess in reality. If I were in thy place, the prospect of such a summons would make me dance for very joy!"

"Ah! thou knowest not how I love thee, how I dread to find myself among strangers," replied the other. "I have nightmare dreams of going away. I am sure it would break my heart."

"Hearts are not so brittle; and think of balls, court ceremonies, diamonds for thy hair, and a prince to marry thee! Foolish little thing!" cried Hilda, impatiently. "Would that I were Hildegarde the princess, and thou Hildegarde, Peasant Anna's granddaughter!"

"But even so, things would not come right, for we should be separated all the same."

"Well, child," retorted the monitor, sagely (she ever appeared grown up by comparison), "thou wilt never become high-spirited any more than I shall ever be lowly-minded. Let us be happy while we can."

Quite suddenly, when the little Hildegarde was old enough to be confirmed into the Lutheran Church, the dreaded summons had come. She was removed from her foster-parents, and in a remote dower-house, given up to poor relatives and pensioners of the ducal house, had passed the intervening years.

Hilda was sent to school at the capital, and knew little of her darling, except that she was busy with lessons under a governess.

No wonder that now Hilda's brain was in a whirl at the prospect of renewing their intercourse. "And surely," she thought, "at last the princess is to become a princess indeed." This notion filled her mind with all kinds of vague hopes and dreams, as yet kept to herself alone, for although all anxiety for Hildegarde's recovery was soon at an end, the same amount of caution was long necessary.

The foster-sisters contrived to interchange ideas long before they were permitted to see each other; and when, at last, Dr. Edouard carried his patient to a seat in the garden, a mimetic conversation was carried on through the window.

All the playfulness and diablerie of Hilda's character came out now, and she invented a series of signs by means of which she could say anything she pleased, only Hildegarde understanding. Thus, with Dr. Edouard standing by, she would give utterance to such drollery as this:

"Send the monster away!" or "When is the tyrant to go?" and so on, Hildegarde flushing.

At last the embargo was finally removed, and the ardently desired meeting took place. The foster-sisters were permitted to see each other as if nothing had happened, and on a balmy October morning found themselves sitting side by side, with arms entwined, happy as long-separated lovers.

"Oh, my own little Hildegarde! My sisterling!" Hilda cried, for once giving way to German expansiveness ingenuous.

"I must beg that you will not unduly excite or fatigue my patient," interrupted Dr. Edouard, with considerable asperity. He had lingered by the garden gate in order to witness the meeting. "No late hours," he added, "no immoderate walks, no tricks played with the invalid's diet."

Hilda looked the thought she was too impatient to utter. She had her arrows ready to fly at the young physician, but preferred to let him go in peace. And the sooner he went the better; so her looks said, plainly enough; no retort could have been sharper.

The young doctor, looking out of patience and out of temper, bowed and went, looking back, however, at the charming picture he had left under the walnut-tree.

Fair Teutonic maidens of a certain type are often strangely alike, and a stranger coming suddenly upon these two must have mistaken them for sisters. Both had that abundant fair brown hair which adds so much beauty to German girls; both had regular features, and were of the same height, possessing figures slender as yet, but sure, in Teutons, to take the decided outlines characterizing their countrywomen as soon as they have passed extreme youth.

When you came to expression, and that intangible self proclaimed in speech and gesture, all likeness ceased. Hildegarde, in her happiest moods, was hardly less vivacious than Hilda, but hers was a vivacity of passion rather than of understanding, whilst intensity had as yet with feeling and sentiment nothing to do.

Hilda's audacious, aspiring nature craved the world as a stage for action—the world of hazard, of action, of intrigue. Hildegarde's notion of a perfect life went no farther than a strong arm to shield her from all outward ills, and a chivalrous heart on which she could rest in heaven-like serenity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

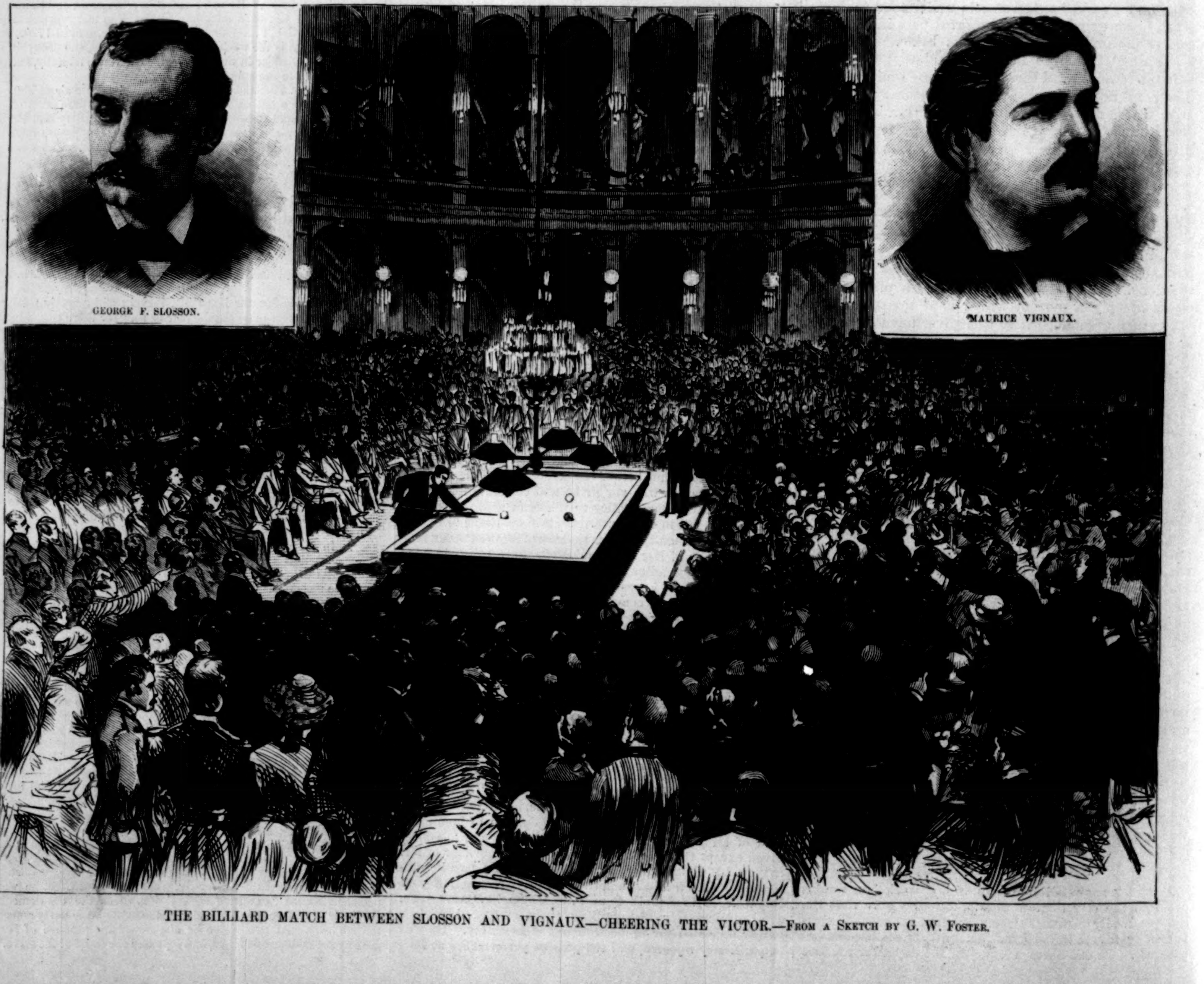
SLOSSON AND VIGNAUX.

THE exciting billiard match between **GEORGE F. SLOSSON** and **MAURICE VIGNAUX** for 3000 points, stake 5000 francs, closed on the evening of February 3, in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience. The crowd was so great that in the rush to get into the room the entrance door was broken down bodily. Marshal **MCMAHON** vainly attempted to get in, and after waiting a long time, went away disappointed. The result of the match was one that was not unlooked for, in view of **SLOSSON**'s performances in practice; but his friends are highly gratified, as the victory justifies his claim that he could defeat the distinguished French champion if strictly fair play would be assured him. This was happily obtained by the selection of an amateur player who spoke both French and English, for the important post of referee. This seems to have had an excellent effect on the playing of both the adversaries. Both excelled the best previous records on high runs and single averages, and the games during the match were the finest ever played.

At the commencement of the last evening's play the score stood: **SLOSSON** 2400; **VIGNAUX** 2084. The latter was evidently nervous, and **SLOSSON** by cool and skillful play maintained the lead to the end. At half past twelve he ran out the game amid deafening cheers. The score stood: **SLOSSON** 3000; **VIGNAUX** 2553. There was immense enthusiasm, and **SLOSSON** instantly offered **VIGNAUX** his hand; **VIGNAUX** refused to take it, and was roundly hissed by his own countrymen for his churlishness.

There was general praise of the conduct of the referee, M. **RONDEAU**, who was rigidly impartial throughout the match, defending **SLOSSON** against the unfair efforts of his antagonist to raise quibbles. **VIGNAUX**'s bearing was severely criticised by several Paris journals which have been favorable to him heretofore.

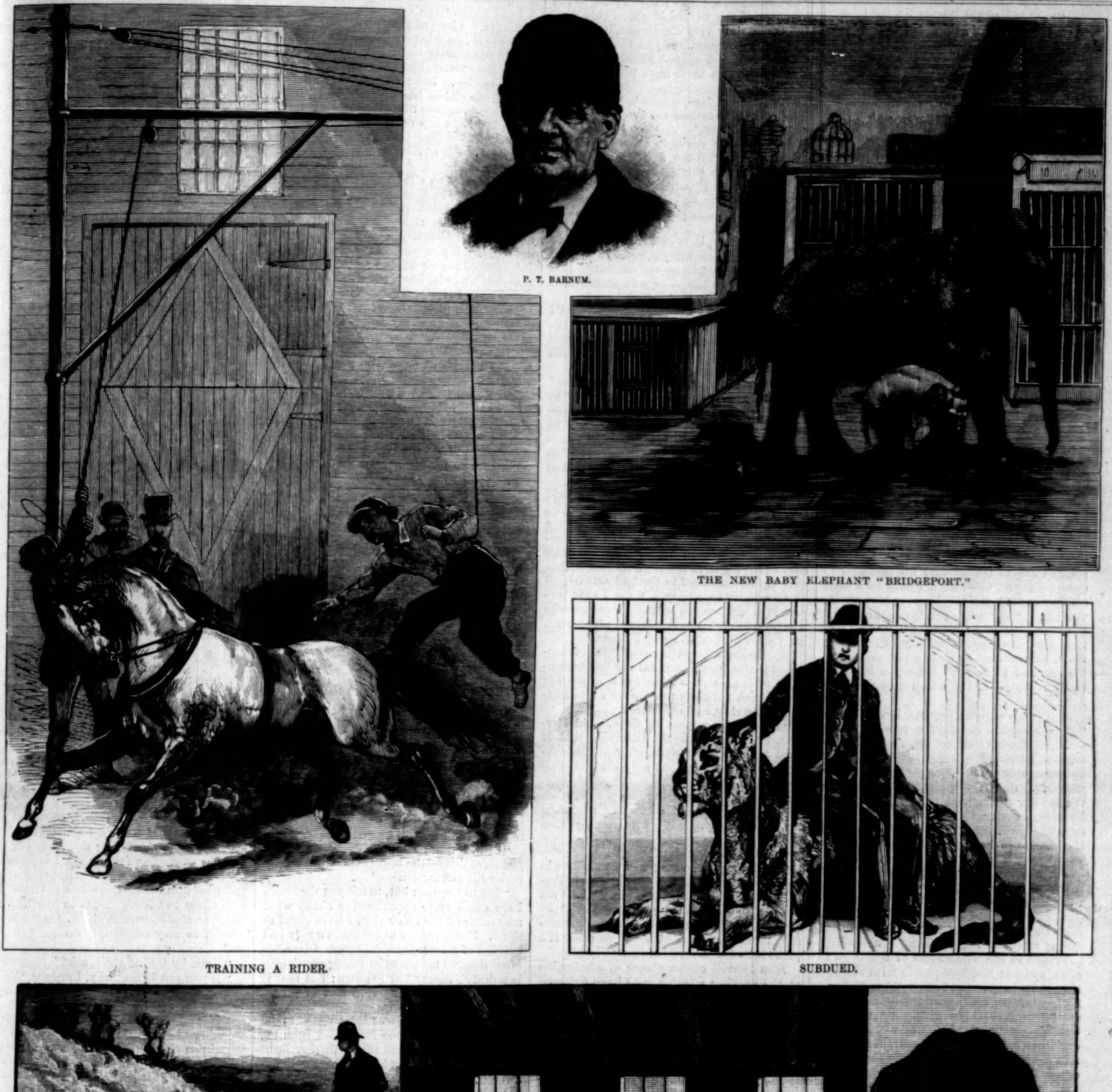
The match took place in the dining-hall of the Grand Hôtel, Boulevard des Capucins, which was much too small to accommodate the crowds that wished to witness the play. Our picture shows the enthusiasm that greeted the victory of the American champion. At the close of the game **VIGNAUX** asked **SLOSSON** for his revenge. **SLOSSON** replied that he was ready to give it in New York.



GEORGE F. SLOSSON.

MAURICE VIGNAUX.

THE BILLIARD MATCH BETWEEN SLOSSON AND VIGNAUX—CHEERING THE VICTOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY G. W. FOSTER.



P. T. BARNUM.

THE NEW BABY ELEPHANT "BRIDGEPORT."

TRAINING A RIDER.

SUBDUED.

LOOK-OUT STATION.
AFRICAN · ELEPHANT.
· TRAINING · YOUNG · ELEPHANT · TO · STAND · ON · ITS · HEAD ·
A · LONG · LOOK · AHEAD.
· AN · OPEN · COUNTENANCE ·

BARNUM'S SHOW IN WINTER-QUARTERS.—From Sketches by James C. Beard.—[See Page 106.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed," "What He Cost Her," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GERALD'S TELEGRAM.

That metaphor of Mr. Oldcastle's with respect to a conflagration, should the spark of calumny once get ahead, was by no means an exaggerated one. It was clear to all the little party now assembled at Sandford that, should Gerald once communicate his story, whether it was false or true, to other ears, irreparable disaster would follow. The proposed letter was therefore dispatched to Gerald by the next train to Stokeville, the guard being instructed to place it in the young man's own hand. In it he was adjured by every tie that is supposed to be sacred to retract the charge against his dead father, which, though absolutely incredible to ordinary ears, was making his sister miserable, while at the same time he was assured that, in making a clean breast of it, he would obtain her forgiveness. The simple phrase, "he would be no loser," which the lawyer had added in place of the last sentence, Clare had struck out with her own hand. "Just as you please, my dear young lady," he had said, with a shrewd conviction that the young gentleman would have taken forgiveness in a very material sense. In adding that all that was wanted from him was the truth, Mr. Oldcastle had also pointed out to Gerald that his omission to come at once to Sandford would be a tacit confession that the whole story was an invention. "My own private impression," the note concluded, "is that it was a practical joke, designed, I must say, in the worst taste, but still not of course the unforgivable sin, and I can only hope you have already repented of it," which was the loophole.

At Clare's earnest request, Mr. Oldcastle "gave himself a holiday," a present he seldom got from other people, and staid the night at Sandford, in hopes that there might be some reply from Gerald by post the next morning. She felt that, next to Herbert, the lawyer understood her best, and could be patient even with what he might consider morbid weakness in her with respect to the matter in hand; whereas, though they would be powerless to move her from any settled purpose of her own, she rather shrank from the sharp antagonism it might evoke from Miss Darrell, and from the contemptuous philosophy of Uncle Roden. As it was, Miss Darrell could not restrain herself from giving utterance to significant opinions with reference to the wickedness of weakness in certain cases; and how people with the best intentions in the world often did more harm for the sake of peace and quietness, or from sentimental considerations, than the most terrible tyrants. To give way to injustice in one's own case was, she argued, the most certain method of encouraging it in that of others, and, under the guise of self-sacrifice and patient submission, was, in effect, to act most selfishly, and to the disadvantage of the whole human race.

They were walking in great privacy in the public garden, and all the sights and sounds about them were redolent of the beauty of the spring. The fresh air and friendly companionship had done her good. For the next few hours, at all events, she would keep her mind free from troubles, and not mar by downcast looks the enjoyment of those about her, two of whom, at least, were putting themselves to inconvenience on her account. The dispatch of Mr. Oldcastle's letter had been a relief to her, as any kind of action always is in such cases, and in particular his having informed Gerald that his silence or absence would be held equivalent to retractation gave her comfort. As a matter of fact, of course, Gerald could neither have written nor come to Sandford since the letter was sent; but in the mean while the truce suggested peace.

"Here is the boy from the hotel," observed Herbert, quietly. "He has a telegram."

The message was for Mr. Oldcastle, and, as all rightly concluded, from Gerald:

"I have nothing to retract of what I have said. It is all quite true. I can not come to Sandford; the whole subject is much too painful to me to bear discussion."

The little party looked at one another in amazement.

"Well, upon my word, that *is* cool!" exclaimed Miss Darrell, indignantly.

"Still, it is very delicately expressed," observed Mr. Roden, in his blandest tones. "I like the phrase 'too painful.' It shows a sensitive disposition."

"Oh, Uncle Roden, don't laugh at it," pleaded Clare, pitifully; "it is such dreadful news!"

"Pardon me, my dear; if you refer to the character of the writer, of which this message is certainly very significant, it is hardly to be called news. If you expected him to come here and submit himself to cross-examination, you must have been sanguine indeed."

"What Miss Clare means is his sticking to his story," remarked the lawyer, "which is a serious matter."

"Of course he sticks to it," returned Mr. Roden, airily. "When I was at Eton we had an eleventh commandment, which we broke less often than the others—'Tell a lie, tell a good one, and stick to it.' In spirit, at all events, this young gentleman is an Etonian."

"Nevertheless, it is evident to me," said Mr. Oldcastle, thoughtfully, "that, whatever may be his motive, he means mischief. It is impossible for us to ignore such a statement as he has committed himself to."

"I should treat his story precisely as I treat that slug yonder," observed Mr. Roden, pointing out the object in question with the neatest of umbrellas. "I should let it alone."

"Wherever it crawls it leaves a slime," answered the lawyer, sententiously. "In the slug's case it doesn't matter, but something must be done to stop *this;*" and he struck his hand upon the telegram, which he had spread out on his knee. "If this sort of thing goes on, it will worry Miss Clare to fiddle-strings."

"I would rather die than endure it!" said Clare, firmly.

"Then we must produce counter-evidence—or, rather, let us hope there will be no necessity to produce it. If we can only make sure of having it, to use if we wanted it, that will nip the mischief in the bud and frighten Gerald into veracity. What I now propose is to write to the only other person who was present at Oak Lodge on the night when Mr. Lyster died—Mr. Percy Fibbert."

Mr. Roden uttered a little sniff of contempt; Miss Darrell pressed her lips together; Clare, pale as a ghost, cast down her eyes, which fell upon the lawyer's late metaphor, the slug, and shuddered.

"If something must be done," said Herbert, "I agree with Mr. Oldcastle that it must be that. We shall, after all, be asking no favor of him, but only that he shall speak the truth."

"A difficult thing with some people, when it is opposed to their interests," remarked Mr. Roden, dryly. "What do you say, Miss Darrell?"

"An impossible thing."

"Still," urged the lawyer, "we shall be in no worse position than if Gerald goes to Percy, or, it may be, to Sir Peter himself, as I am inclined to think is more than possible."

"Possible!" ejaculated Mr. Roden, scornfully; "it is certain. The whole affair is a plant between them from first to last."

Miss Darrell cast a glance of admiration at the speaker which would have flattered Solomon. All she said was, "Ah!" but the interjection had the significance of a folio.

"Well, in that case," pursued the lawyer, "the affair might present itself in the form of a distinct claim. My suggestion is, to anticipate, and thereby prevent, that. I propose to write in general terms to Mr. Percy Fibbert, admitting that a question had arisen as to the precise time at which Mr. Lyster expired, and recalling to his recollection the fact that the town clock struck twelve while he was at supper with Herbert and Miss Clare. All that I shall ask of him is a corroboration of that circumstance."

"And suppose he declines to give it?" inquired Mr. Roden.

"Well, that will look ugly for him in the eyes of a jury—nay, my dear young lady," for Clare had been about to make objections, "I am quite aware that the case is never to come into court, but Mr. Percy Fibbert does not know that. He will take a practical view of the matter. If he answers truly, that will cut the ground away from Gerald's feet. You may say, indeed, that it will still be open to Gerald to repeat his statement; but upon the supposition that it is false he will forbear to do so, since nothing can then be got by it. Even you, my dear Miss Clare, will hardly, I conclude, give up your property on the unsupported word of this young man, when it is also contradicted by independent testimony."

"It is a frightful thing to entertain a doubt on such a matter," said Clare, hesitatingly. "However slight it may be, it seems to me that Sir Peter—that is to say, the firm—ought in honor to have the benefit of it."

"My dear Clare," interposed Mr. Roden, "you are wearing my watch."

"Your watch?"

"Yes; you may have a conviction it was yours, but I have an idea that it's mine; my idea may not be so strong as your conviction, but it creates a doubt; and however slight that doubt may be, you are bound in honor to give it me."

"My dear uncle Roden," said Clare, with a faint smile, "the cases are not parallel. You have a watch of your own."

"That is just what completes the parallel. I have apparently no motive for depriving you of your watch, just as Gerald to our eyes has no motive. But that does not make either of our claims less preposterous. Do, I beseech you, behave like a reasonable being."

"If you have any regard for your friends, Clare," pleaded Miss Darrell, "I entreat you to follow their advice in a matter so momentous."

Thus pressed on all sides, Clare cast an appealing glance at Herbert.

"I used to think it was always easy to know what was right," she sighed, "but now it seems so difficult. What would you do, Herbert, if you were in my place?"

"I should put myself in the hands of a just man, but who also knew the ways of the unjust," replied Herbert, with an inclination of his head toward Mr. Oldcastle.

"Then be so good, my dear Mr. Oldcastle," said Clare, firmly, "to write that letter to—" her lips quivered, as though declining to pronounce Percy's name—"the letter, that is, which you have suggested."

Mr. Roden looked thunders, and frowned so hard that his glass fell out of his eye, and Miss Darrell lifted her hands from her lap in silent protest; but Mr. Oldcastle bowed like a lawyer who has received his instructions, and to whom it only remains to carry them out.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHIVALRY.

By common consent, and also because opinion was so divided among the little party, the subject of Gerald was dropped for the remainder of the day. The lawyer's letter was dispatched in due course to Percy's address in London, and for the present there was an end of the matter. Mr. Roden withdrew himself in dudgeon from the rest of the party until dinner-time, and gave himself up to his own devices.

Thus, for the first time since they came to Sandford, Mr. Oldcastle and Herbert found themselves alone together.

"Now that that cantankerous gentleman has taken himself off, my lad," said the lawyer, as soon as the door had closed behind their late companion, "I should like to have a few words with you. A second consultation of five, and two of them ladies, is not a thing I have a taste for; and I doubt if the result of the first will be satisfactory."

"Still, I think we have done—or rather you have done—the best that could be done under the circumstances."

"Let us hope so; but, to tell you the truth, I am much more apprehensive about what may come of the affair than I have cared to show. I have reason to entertain a very bad opinion of Master Gerald Lyster. Clare has often assured me that the young gentleman is nobody's enemy but his own; but that is sometimes a very dangerous sort of person—eh?"

The lawyer's tone was interrogative; he seemed to expect some revelation from his companion that might throw further light on Gerald's character, but Herbert only answered, gravely, "That is so, no doubt."

"I know, of course, that he is a very young fellow, but still there are sad stories about him. A man in my position in a place like Stokeville hears a good deal about people."

"Naturally."

"Now, I don't want you to tell tales out of school, Herbert, but it is important that I should thoroughly understand our position, which is affected by his own. The time, too, has quite gone by for any false delicacy, or reticence, as regards this fellow. Is Gerald married?"

"I don't know. I have heard it stated that he is, but I have never believed it."

"That is, from what you know of his character, you think he is much too selfish to have sacrificed his prospects as his father did from any scruples of morality. But it may be, as he would put it, that he couldn't help himself. He has certainly something on his mind which troubles him; he is always in urgent need of money; girls of his own rank in life seem to have no attractions for him. Upon the whole, it is my impression that he is married."

"It is quite possible."

"In that case there may be motives for his present proceeding, for that his whole story is a lie I take it for granted you are convinced. It is so, is it not?"

"It is, I am quite sure, an invention from beginning to end," said Herbert.

"Just so. Well, if he's married there may have been many things to quicken his invention—necessities."

Herbert shook his head.

"Ah, but you don't know. His wife is, I hear, expecting a son and heir; and he has debts besides. These things make a man look about him. He must have funds from somebody. Gerald invents this tale—to get them out of his half-sister—in the shape of hush-money."

"Gerald never invented it," said Herbert, quietly.

"What do you mean? You surely don't agree with Mr. Roden that the whole affair is got up between him and the Fibberts to deprive Clare of her share in the profits of the firm? He called it 'a plant.' It made my blood run cold to hear him. Why, Sir Peter, with all his faults, would sooner see his museum burned down than do such a thing."

"I don't deny it; I don't wish to say a word against Sir Peter nor any one else. But I am quite sure that Gerald did not originate this scheme."

"You mean he is not an inventor like yourself; hasn't got the wits for it? But perhaps some of his belongings have. There's that Sam Chigwell, for instance, a very cunning fellow, who, moreover, as I have reason to believe, has already been mixed up discreditably with Gerald's affairs. If it be so, it may prove very difficult to keep matters quiet, as Clare has set her heart upon doing. Though, on the other hand, Percy's answer to our letter should be final. When Gerald hears we have got that, he will know that the game is up."

"Do you build very much on Percy's reply?"

"Most certainly I do. With Clare in this Quixotic and morbid state of mind, which of course ties our hands, what else have we to build upon? The whole edifice of our defense rests upon it. As to our legal rights, those could be established easily enough, I flatter myself, in any court in England. But there's Clare. Her scruples stand in our way. Now, with Percy's word to back us—"

"You will never get it," interrupted Herbert; "that at least is my firm conviction."

"What? Why, you yourself advocated my writing to him."

"Because it was the only chance which suggested itself in Clare's favor; the only plan which, if successful, would satisfy her. I may be wrong, but I fear it will not be successful."

"My dear Herbert, you astound me. Do you think, then, with Mr. Roden, that Percy is a scoundrel? You must surely have some reason beside personal dislike (for I know, of course, you dislike him) for imputing to him such a course of conduct."

Herbert flushed to the temples. "You will please to remember, Mr. Oldcastle, that I have volunteered no expression of opinion regarding Mr. Percy Fibbert, whom, as you justly observe, I do not like. But we are discussing Clare's affairs; and since you tell me they depend on Percy's aid, I must needs say that I believe it will be withheld. What you wish him to do is, in effect, to cancel his own claim to Clare's profits in the firm for the year, also his uncle's claim. On the latter ground he may reasonably decline to assist us."

"Even by telling the truth?"

"If you put it that way, I answer, 'Yes.'"

The lawyer rose from his chair and began to pace the room uneasily.

"If you had said 'Percy Fibbert is a thief,' or 'Percy Fibbert is capable of forgery,' you could hardly have astonished me more, Herbert. I feel sure you are mistaken, my dear lad. But if you are not—I have not told Clare, because I thought it would be injudicious, since the greater disadvantage to herself, the more she would be set on doing what she calls justice to her father's memory—but if Percy does play us false, so far as Clare is concerned, this may mean ruin."

"Ruin?"

"Yes, nothing less; that bank in which her father was so mad as to invest his money turned out even worse than I expected—much worse. I trusted to the profits of the firm for the year to make her straight, but if she doesn't get them, her whole fortune—that is, all she has invested in the concern—will hardly meet her liabilities."

"Good heavens!"

"Do you remember a letter left by Mr. Lyster addressed to me, but only to be delivered in case he died before the 1st of January?"

"I do. It was destroyed, unopened, according to his instructions."

"Well, if it had not been destroyed, you would have learned from it what I am now about to tell you. He had very grave apprehensions about those unhappy bank shares, which it seems have been partly realized. They might have ruined him—stock, lock, and barrel," observed the lawyer, sententiously.

"No doubt they might; he had a dreadful suspicion they would. If he had died before the 1st of January, and Clare had not inherited her interest in the firm for the present year—which, observe, is exactly the position in which she will be placed, if she gives credence to Gerald's story—he thought it possible that his liabilities might swallow up her whole fortune, which, since, as you say, I had no legal acknowledgment of my claim, would have included mine as well."

"A most abominable and shameful risk to run," observed the lawyer, indignantly.

"But not so, if it was done with my own knowledge and approval."

Mr. Oldcastle gazed at the young man with a sort of sublime admiration.

"In that case it would be—legally—justifiable; but as to morals—"

"Nay, that is not your business," returned the young man, naïvely. "There was, as you say, a risk, but that I acceded to; nay, more, if you will have it so, there was an intentional wrong; but that I forgave him. It was thoroughly understood between the dying man and me that, if that money was lost, I should rub it off like a bad debt, and say nothing about it."

"Say nothing about it?" echoed the lawyer, rubbing his chin as if to arouse himself from a dream, if dream it was—"say nothing about ten thousand pounds?"

"Now as it happens," continued the young man, "it is very possible—in my opinion, almost certain—that Mr. Lyster's estate will be placed in the precise position which he apprehended."

"But not by the same means," remarked Mr. Oldcastle.

"Quite true; but, so far as I am concerned, the agreement which I entered into is equally binding."

The lawyer shook his head.

"What!" cried Herbert, contemptuously. "Am I to receive the thanks of a dying man, the gratitude for what he chose to consider a great service—but which, in my opinion, was only a part payment for the kindness and affectionate consideration always displayed to me by him and his—and then to cry off the bargain, and keep my money? Would you have me be as base as Gerald?"

"No, Herbert, you are not base—certainly not base," said Mr. Oldcastle, laying his hand upon the other's shoulder; "but there is such a thing (though it's not very frequent) as going too far in the other direction. Now, though a lawyer, I am an honest man, and I can not consent to be a party to such a self-sacrifice."

"The duty of an honest lawyer, Mr. Oldcastle, is surely owed in the first place to his client. I tell you this money is not mine; it is surely not your place, as Clare's legal adviser, to question her right to it. If you did so, though it would be most distressing to me to have to do so, I should appeal from your judgment to that of your co-trustee, Mr. Roden, who, I am sure, would take my view of the matter."

"I don't doubt it," said the lawyer, smiling. "But, even if it should be so, or if I myself could be persuaded to take advantage of your generosity in this matter, there is one person whose consent would never be given to such a proposal—namely, Clare herself."

"Clare's consent must never be asked," answered Herbert, vehemently. "You have given your word to me to keep secret what has passed between us."

"But she will naturally say to me, 'Where does this money come from? How is it that I have thirty thousand pounds instead of twenty, wherewith to settle these liabilities?'"

"She will do nothing of the kind; you know as well as I do, Mr. Oldcastle, that her indifference to money matters is almost equalled by her ignorance of them. Whatever you choose to tell her she will believe, or, rather, on whatever point you choose to be reticent she will ask no questions. Her own property may be more, or her debt to the bank may be less—what does it matter? She will only look to the total."

"Upon my life, sir, you are very ingenious; if you took to cheating other people beside yourself you might become dangerous; but at present you are new to knavery. It is necessary before the commission of a pecuniary fraud to look at the matter all round. Now, Miss Clare, although, as you say, indifferent enough to her own affairs, takes a great interest in those of her friends. She may, I admit, be inclined to take for granted that you have received your ten thousand pounds, but she will very soon remark that you are not living upon it—that, in fact, you have nothing to live upon."

"Oh, that's all right," said Herbert, lightly; "I had stupidly forgotten to say what, if I had mentioned it at first, would have spared you all astonishment. I am now, thanks to the liberality of the railway company, quite independent. A suggestion as to the economy of fuel, arising, curiously enough, out of my own diving experiment—I'll tell you all about it some day—has been favorably received, and is, in fact, adopted. I am in receipt of a good income."

"What do you call a good income?"

"Whatever is sufficient to its possessor. I tell you I have lots of money; and how is Clare to know where it comes from? If I don't seem to live extravagantly, so much the better; she will give me credit for prudence."

"You are as Quixotic as Clare herself," said Mr. Oldcastle. "I could not bring myself to say yes to such a proposal as you have just made, but that I feel sure there will be no occasion to put it into effect. To-morrow evening's post will, I am convinced, bring a letter from Percy, which will put an end to our troubles."

"If it does I shall be as pleased as yourself," said Herbert, smiling, "and at the same time shall have gained a character from you for self-sacrifice at the cheapest possible rate. You know I am an early riser, so I will wish you good-night."

Mr. Oldcastle shook the young man's hand as though he would never leave go of it.

"This beats me altogether," mused the lawyer, as he nursed his leg before the fire. "There is no precedent for it in the books. If this Herbert Newton were an older man—that is, a good deal older—I should have said he must have been some offspring of Adam before the Fall."

CHAPTER XXXV.

PERCY'S LETTER.

HERBERT'S sleep that night was as the sleep of a child. So bright and cheery was he the next morning that Mr. Roden, who had slept ill—as he always did, he said, out of his own bed—was greatly aggravated by it.

"That young man," he privately observed to Mr. Oldcastle, "will get on in the world; he takes the misfortunes of other people so uncommonly lightly."

"It is possible he is only doing his best to keep up his cousin's spirits," suggested the lawyer.

"It is possible, of course; but I don't think he would be quite so cheerful if his own fortune was in danger; and as for doing his best, it is my experience that nobody does more than his second best, at the very most, for other people."

The lawyer only smiled grimly; but what he thought to himself was, "Now this gentleman, though he looks older than Herbert, and I fancy is a deal older than he looks, was certainly born *after* the Fall."

For his own part Mr. Oldcastle was not depressed, for, as we know, he entertained no such misgivings as his young friend, and, on the whole, the day, though one of suspense, passed not unpleasantly. As it wore on toward evening, however, and the evening's post, the little party became somewhat anxious; and at the dinner table appetite failed most of them, and especially the ladies, so signally, that Mr. Roden thought it necessary to apologize for the way in which he plied his knife and fork. "I have no appetite myself," he observed. "My natural apprehensions with respect to what may be in the post-bag forbid it; but the fact is, I am afraid I have a cold coming on, and when that is the case I make a point, while taste is left to me, of eating as much as possible."

"For my part," said Miss Darrell, severely, "I have eaten next to nothing; I felt as if every mouthful would choke me."

"Then, my dear madam," returned the social philosopher, "try drinking. It is unusual to take it with dessert, but there is nothing like dry Champagne like this for restoring— Dear me! what does he say, Mr. Newcastle?"

For just at that moment the waiter had brought in a letter and placed it in the lawyer's hands.

"Well, it is not satisfactory; no, I am afraid not," said the other, with a rapid glance at the contents of the missive. "This is what Mr. Percy Fibbert writes:

"'MY DEAR SIR,—I lose no time in replying to your very surprising communication. With respect to the town clock having struck midnight before we left the supper table, on the occasion of the sad event to which you refer, I can not say that I have any recollection of that circumstance.'"

"Very judicious of him," observed Mr. Roden, grimly; "next to a good memory, there is nothing like a convenient want of it."

"'On the other hand,' continues Percy," said the lawyer, "'I can not conceive what importance can be attached to this, since the time of Mr. Lyster's death was marked by his own time-piece, from the evidence of which there can be no doubt of his having survived the year. I remember that Mr. Herbert Newton called my attention to the fact that it stood at some minutes past twelve at the moment of its owner's decease. A proof—unless, of course, the clock was fast—which seems to me final.

"'Yours very sincerely,

"'PERCY FIBBERT.'"

"But, my dear Mr. Oldcastle, why do you consider that so very unsatisfactory?" inquired Miss Darrell.

"Because, madam, in my own note I made no allusion whatever to Mr. Lyster's time-piece, but only to its corroborator the town clock. Now Mr. Fibbert ignores the latter altogether, and makes the whole case hang upon the accuracy of the time-piece. It is a very curious coincidence that this letter and Gerald's story should turn precisely on the same point."

"It is not a coincidence," observed Mr. Roden, "it is a conspiracy. Pray remember that it was not with my consent that this gentleman was written to."

"The advice was mine," admitted the lawyer. "At the same time, if what you suggest is true, such a course of action can only have precipitated matters; our silence could not have saved us."

"Saved us!" ejaculated Mr. Roden. "Who can hurt us? I would see Gerald, and Percy too, with Sir Peter to back them—"

"A long way off," interposed Miss Darrell, quickly. "That is, of course, where we hope to keep them. We are not going to give way to exaction. It would be nothing short of criminal to give up what is our own, what has been secured for us with such pains and care by self-sacrificing love, at the bidding of a foot-pad in league with a receiver of stolen goods."

"Oh, Nannie, how can you say such words?" cried Clare, entreatingly. "How can you have such thoughts? For all the money in the world I would not harbor them!"

"I can't shut my eyes to facts, my dear, because they're ugly," answered the old lady, curtly. "There they are, in their own hideous deformity. I didn't paint them."

"Oh, cousin, speak for me," pleaded Clare. "Pray speak for Gerald himself. You can not believe such things of his father's son. There must be some frightful mistake somewhere."

"There will be a much worse one, if you let such people frighten you," observed Mr. Roden, frowning. "I really never—"

"Herbert, I speak to *you*," interrupted Clare. "You are just, you are generous."

"'Be just before you're generous,'" muttered Miss Darrell; "that is in the first copy-book."

"My dear Clare, it is not a matter of opinion," said Herbert, gently. "A few hours at most should satisfy us upon this point. I think Mr. Oldcastle will agree with me that Sir Peter has by this time been communicated with."

The lawyer nodded. "Yes, under the circumstances I have no doubt that Mr. Percy Fibbert has felt it to be his duty to do so."

"In that case," said Clare, unconscious of the quiet scorn of the other's tone, "my duty is obvious."

"No doubt," assented Mr. Roden. "Write them a letter beginning, 'Gentlemen,' run the pen lightly through the word and substitute 'Scoundrels all,' and dare them to do their worst."

"Charming!" exclaimed Miss Darrell, approvingly.

"But slightly libellous, and just a little compromising," suggested the lawyer. "We must really go to work with caution. I think, instead of writing, it will be better that I should see Sir Peter."

"Just so," assented Mr. Roden. "Then, without witnesses, you can tell him what you think of him."

He honestly believed that Sir Peter—a man who had shown impatience under æsthetic criticism—was capable of any description of atrocity.

Clare did not seem to hear what was said, but kept her anxious eyes fixed on her cousin's face in wistful entreaty.

"This trouble," they seemed to him to say, "is greater than I can bear; nor do I know how to deal with it." At last she sighed, "Oh, must Sir Peter know, Herbert?"

"Yes, Clare; if he does not know what has happened already, it is certain he will do so; and it is better the news should come from us. There is no need to suggest to him the possibility of what we know is impossible—any wrong-doing on your father's part. He knew him too well to entertain such a thought. And—and—if you really don't mean to fight it—"

"Fight it! See my father's memory torn to pieces, his good name falsely put to shame, for money! They shall have my last sixpence first!"

"Then you may depend upon it," said Herbert, "not a word will be said."

"Oh, I'll answer for that," put in Miss Darrell, grimly.

"But in that case don't let us talk about the wickedness of hush-money," observed Mr. Roden, with a bitter smile.

"Uncle Roden, you do not understand," said Clare, gravely; "to me this is a matter of feeling; and though I am sure you wish me well—"

"I do, my dear; I wish to see you restored to your right mind. At present you are not in a condition to be at large. The spectacle is painful to me; and—and threatens my digestion. Moreover," here he rose from his chair, "I positively decline to be a party to any decision the effect of which will be to feed the insatiable maw of fraud and exaction at your expense. I do not wish to see you again until you have regained your senses."

And with that he straightened his thin figure, which always drooped persuasively during any oratorical effort, and stalked out of the room.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

COMPROMISE OR NO COMPROMISE?

THE little party looked at one another in amazement, as well they might, at this unexpected defection.

"I am afraid Mr. Roden has washed his hands of us," observed Mr. Oldcastle; "and upon my word, my dear Clare, I can scarcely blame him."

"You will see Sir Peter, of course, to-morrow, Mr. Oldcastle?" said Miss Darrell.

"I shall see him to-night, madam. I go by the mail-train to Stokeville." Here he looked at his watch. "Indeed, I have no time to lose."

"How good and kind you are!" exclaimed Clare, gratefully. "That is exactly what I would have had you do, but feared to ask it."

"My dear Miss Clare, there is nothing I would not do for you," answered the lawyer, gently. "Unhappily, you yourself have put it out of my power to serve you, or to save you. Think, think, once more before it is too late, of what you are compelling me to do. I do not put the case as Mr. Roden did; I say nothing about the existence of a conspiracy to defraud you of your rights, though as I am a living man I believe it to be so. But, at the very least, you are about to impoverish yourself for a scruple. As for defending your father's memory, who impugns it? A son in every way unworthy of him."

"True; but still his son. The world, which knows only their relationship, must needs believe his testimony. With my consent it shall never hear it. Spare me, good friend, and go."

"Very good; then I have no alternative."

He stooped down, and, as she buried her pale face in her hands, kissed her forehead in farewell. "If you had been my client, Miss Darrell, we should have managed matters better," he said.

"Don't speak of it," murmured the little old lady; then whispered in his ear, "You will make terms for her; you will save something for her out of the fire?"

He shook his head. "It is all or nothing, my dear madam; still, I will do my best."

Herbert accompanied him from the room.

"You were right," said the lawyer, "and I was wrong. That man Percy is at the bottom of this."

"It is no matter now who is to blame. Clare has taken the course I foresaw she would."

"Ay, and that involves the loss of your fortune."

"Hush; remember your promise; it is not mine but hers, since this was to be; I am glad, at all events, that suspense is over."

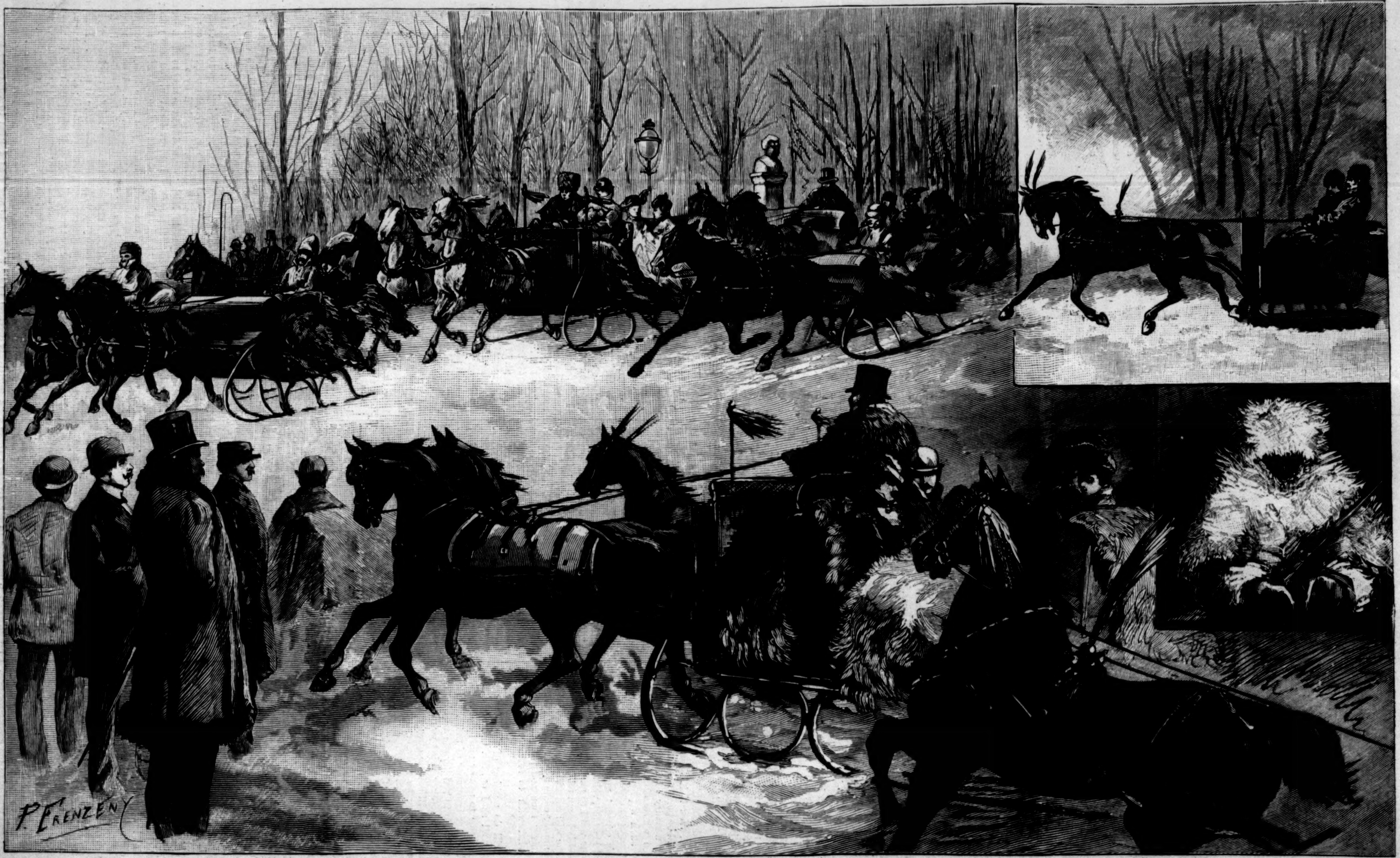
As they passed by Mr. Roden's room they saw through the open door certain indications of departure; one-third of the male staff of the hotel domestics were occupied in packing his portmanteau under the immediate supervision of the proprietor. "Be very careful of that bottle of hair-wash, William—eh, Robert, is it?—quite right, I never call people out of their names; and, Thomas—it *is* Thomas, is it not?—be sure you don't put those brushes back to back. Good heavens! you are packing up those polished boots in paper! What on earth do you suppose wash-leather was made for? And yet people talk of missionaries to the heathen!"

Here he paused, catching sight of the lawyer and his companion.

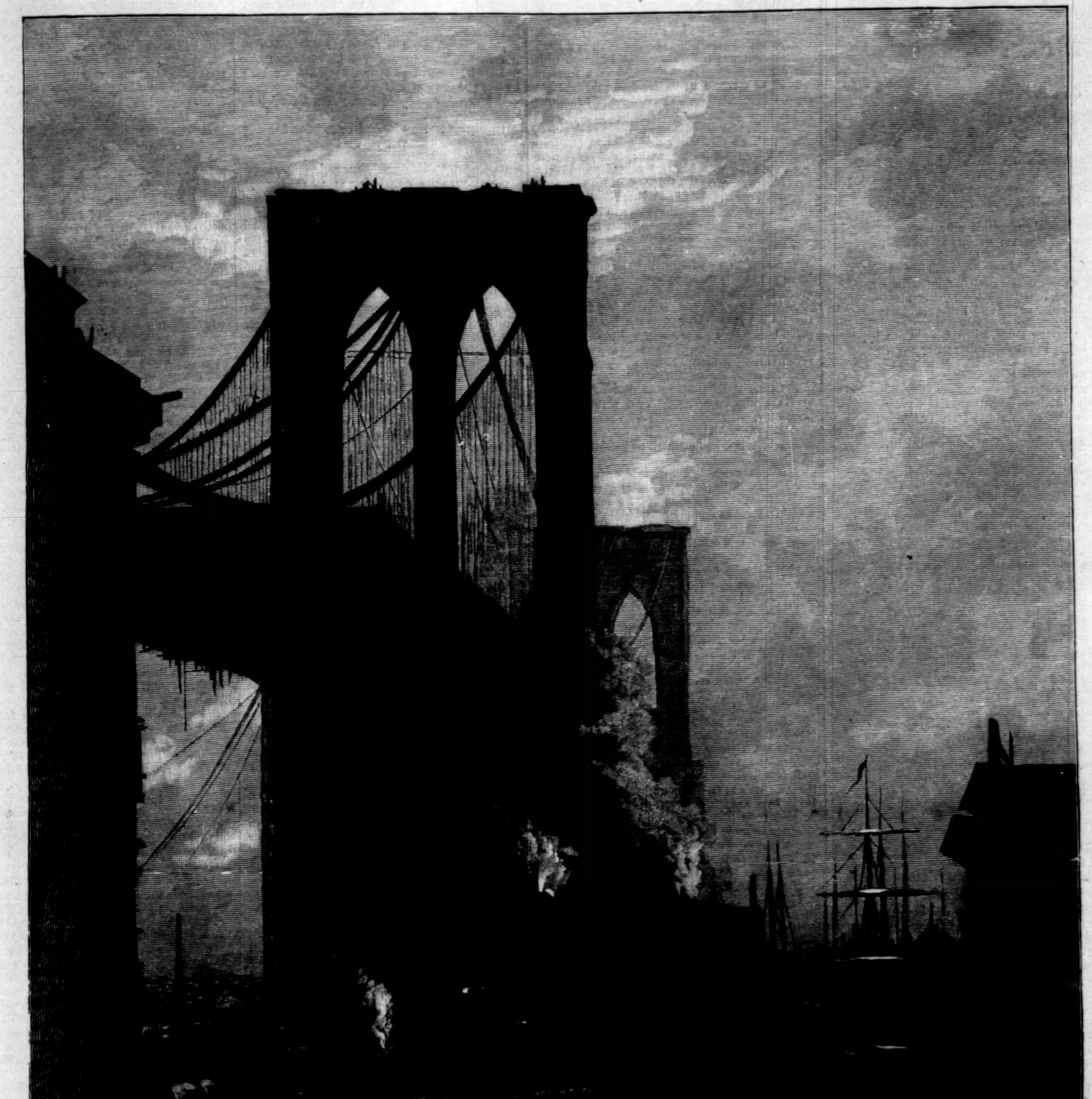
"Are we both leaving Sandford to-night, then?" inquired Mr. Oldcastle, smiling.

"Yes, sir, yes; I can't stand it any longer. I don't mean the place—though that's bad enough—but—I refer to your fair client. My patience is exhausted. I can't trust myself to speak upon the matter in hand. In the words of that ingenious young story-teller, Mr. Gerald, 'the whole subject is too painful for me to discuss.' Alfred, will you or Richard be good enough to tell the boots to take my luggage to the railway station? So far, Mr. Newcastle, we are fellow-travellers." He had by this time his great-coat on, and led the way to the front door. "Mr. Herbert Newton, you are young and comparatively ignorant of the nature of females. What you have heard to-night must have astonished you. When a woman once gets an idea into her head—in itself an anomaly, like the 'lady' in the lobster's head or thereabouts—there it sticks. Reason is powerless to refute it; eloquence is wasted upon it. Even if you punch her head—which in this particular case is, of course, out of the question—the idea is only punched *in:* it is ineradicable. I won't trouble you to accompany us any farther, my dear young friend, as I wish to converse with Mr. Newcastle alone."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SLEIGHING IN CENTRAL PARK.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny.



"UNDER THE TOWERS."—From the Water-color Painting by F. Hopkinson Smith.—[See Page 109.]

WHEN NANNIE AND I ARE SLEIGHING.

Let poets idly dream and sing
The beauty of the windy spring,
And in green fields go Maying:
Better by far is a winter night,
When snows lie deep and hard and white,
And stars look down with twinkling light
On Nan and me out sleighing.

The moonlight makes a fairer day;
The restless horses seem to say,
"Oh, why are you delaying?"
They spurn the ground with flying feet,
The sleigh bells tinkle clear and sweet—
Life has never a joy to beat
Nannie's and mine out sleighing.

My love then nestles near my arm,
Among the furs so soft and warm;
And I, my heart obeying,
Bend down to see her beaming eyes,
Bend down to catch her loving sighs,
And oh! the time too swiftly flies—
When Nannie and I are sleighing.

For in the morn, when friends are by,
Nannie is always still and shy—
She hears not what I'm saying;
But nestling in my sleigh, I know
She answers every whisper low.
Ah me! how quickly love can grow
When Nannie and I are sleighing!

I wooed her in the summer bright,
In festive dance and moon-lit night,
And on the sea-sands straying;
But, oh! for all I would not miss
The eager joy, the perfect bliss,
The whispered "Yes," the trembling kiss,
When Nannie and I are sleighing.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1307, Vol. XXVI.]

RESURGO.

A COMEDY BY "OUIDA."

Cloth of gold, do not despise
To match thyself with cloth of frieze.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Philip Dormer, *Earl L'Estrange.*
Marquis of Ipswich (*son of the Duke of Lowestoft*).
Principe Carlo Sanfriano.
Aldred Dorian.
Duca di Montelupo.
Claire, *Madame Glyon.*
Laura, *Principessa Sanfriano.*
Lady Cowes.
Countess of St. Asaph.
Marchesa Zanzini.
Other minor persons.

Scene VII.

In the Cimontanara Grounds; on the stone seat of S. Filippo Neri are seated L'Estrange *and the* Princess; *facing them are the Campagna, Porta San Giovanni, the mountains of Albano.*

Princess. In this stone summer-house St. Philip, your namesake, preached to the giddy youths that loved him. Now I, who am very giddy, am going to preach to you. I asked you to come here because I am never sure of not being interrupted in my own house, and I have to tell you something very, very serious.

L'Estrange. I am sure you are my friend, Princess.

Princess. I am. But my friendship can be of little use to you. Now Claire does care for you—cares for you as you wish, but—

L'Estrange. Never mind the "buts"! How can I thank you, Princess?

Princess. Wait! I have much to tell you.

L'Estrange. What else can matter? I am happy.

Princess. Ah, don't say so; wait till you hear everything. Claire could have cared for you, but— I feel frightened to tell you, but—

L'Estrange (*growing pale*). Glyon is not dead?

Princess. It is not that. Maître Jules Desrosne, the great French advocate, you know, is in Rome. He has come for the French cardinals—

L'Estrange. What has that to do with me?

Princess. Well, I don't know how to tell you, but I must; and I could not if there were not some consolation in it too; but Maître Desrosne has known me from a child—he defended a case for my father against the French government—and as he heard the gossip of Rome, which made out that Claire was going to marry you next week, he told me to tell you something, which he thought I might break to you better than he could, as you have never known him.

L'Estrange. Well? Speak out, Princess. What is this terrible thing that a French lawyer knows?

Princess. Oh, do not jest; pray do not jest. Maître Desrosne is quite distressed for you: it is—it is that your young wife did not die.

L'Estrange. What?

Princess. Yes, that is it—that is what he says; she is alive; he knows her very well; he has been her counsel.

L'Estrange. Good God! Are you mad, or am I?

Princess. Nobody is. Oh, pray do not look so! you frighten me. You look as if I had turned you into stone.

[L'Estrange *rises, and moves about with his face averted.*

L'Estrange. I will not frighten you, Princess. Only give me one moment to get my breath: you have stunned me.

Princess (*murmuring*). I am so sorry! Desrosne could not tell you before, because he only knew it in confidence as her adviser; she gave him permission now because she heard of your—

L'Estrange. But how can it be? She was drowned, and it was supposed her body was washed out by the under-ground waters to the Seine.

Princess. Oh yes, that is quite true. I mean it is quite true that she did throw herself in the moat, and meant to drown herself; but her father had come to the convent, begging to be taken on as gardener there for the sake of being near her, and Maître Desrosne tells me that her father rescued her from the water, when she had sunk twice, unseen—for it was twilight—and hid himself with her for some time in the cottage of a forester who was his friend. She heard you thought her dead, and let it be so. She had friends amongst the convent girls; one of them she wrote to and confided in, and asked how she could gain a livelihood. That girl was going back to her own country for the vacation, and as she loved your wife, took her with her to her own people. In that country she maintained herself by teaching; she would not be dependent on her friends, though they were rich. When they came to Europe, she, I believe, came with them. All this Maître Desrosne has known for years.

L'Estrange. Where is she now?

Princess. You do frighten me! Carlino's violence is not one-half so terrible as your English quietude. Your eyes look as if you saw a ghost—

L'Estrange. I do see—many. Not dead, good God!—and I—hear it as the worst calamity that could befall me! Not dead? not dead?

Princess. No. Maître Desrosne has known her seven years. He should have told you earlier.

L'Estrange. He should, indeed.

Princess. But I suppose he could not. Lawyers are like confessors. Your wife has lived honorably.

L'Estrange. Ah!

Princess. She has maintained herself here and in America.

L'Estrange. She has been in America?

Princess. So he says. You will wish to see her?

L'Estrange (*with a shudder*). Do not talk of it! I will endeavor to do my duty.

Princess. But if she were so contrary to all your tastes and wishes then, will she be less so now? Twelve years passed in hard work does not give the bloom of Ninon, and you—you are not less fastidious now than then. What a future for you!

L'Estrange. Spare me! This advocate will give me means of proving all that he has said?

Princess. Oh yes, he will of course. I do not think, though, that she wants you to take her back.

[L'Estrange *covers his eyes with his hand a moment.*

Princess. And I do know Claire cares for you.

L'Estrange. Spare me a little, Princess. Where is this Maître Desrosne? I must see him at once.

Princess. He stays at the Farnese Palace.

L'Estrange. You believe he speaks the truth?

Princess. He must. He is so great a person in the law: he will be a judge whenever he pleases. He has your wife's letters with him. And—and he said something else, Lord L'Estrange, which gave me courage to tell you this: if he had not said the good with the bad, I never could have dealt you such a blow, for you know I have got quite fond of you since you loved Claire.

L'Estrange. What good can there be?

Princess. Well, it seems that when she returned to France, years ago, your wife went to him, with an introduction from a French bishop, and told him her position, and asked him as to the legality of her marriage, of which she had become doubtful. Now Maître Desrosne told me—

L'Estrange. What?

Princess. Well, that the marriage is not a perfectly legal one—not perfectly; that there are loop-holes by which you could get free—some omission of some trifle, some blunder in the date of your wife's birth, through the stupidity of her own people—no fault of yours, but you attended too much to the religious ceremony, and not enough to the civil one. He would explain it better, but his strong opinion is that you can break the marriage—annul it—if you please; he is sure that both France and England will set you free. If he had not said that, I never should have summoned courage to tell you, knowing as I do, too, that Claire's happiness is at stake.

[L'Estrange *looks at her in silence.*

Princess. How you do look! Indeed, indeed, Maître Desrosne said so, and you can see himself any day you like; he stays a month at the Palazzo Farnese. He had gone into the question years ago for your wife *au grand secret*, and he is one of the very greatest lawyers in all France. He never would give an opinion lightly.

[L'Estrange *is still silent.*

Princess. Do say something! You frighten me! Perhaps I should have told you the good news first. You don't look now one bit more glad.

L'Estrange (*rising and standing facing her*). Princess, I do not know what you take me for. That this poor creature lives is most terrible to me—that I do not deny. I am no saint, as was St. Philip Neri. But if you believe I could take advantage of a legal quibble to cast shame upon a woman who, in her youth, trusted me—well! you have known me very little, though we have spent so many pleasant hours together.

Princess. But—heavens and earth!—I thought you loved Claire?

L'Estrange. You know well that I do love her most dearly, but I can not stoop to dishonor even for her: the very basest sort of dishonor too. Just heavens! to hire men of law to hound down in the dust a hapless soul who gave herself to me in all good faith and innocence! Can you think I would deny her rights, whatever they may cost me, merely because some forgotten minutiæ of men's trumpery laws have lost them to her?

Princess. You refuse to free yourself?

L'Estrange. At such a price I must refuse, or be a scoundrel. My life will be most wretched if all you say is true; but, at least, it will not be foul with perfidy and cowardice.

Princess. Ah! ah! there *are* depths in you to be stirred! I was right! And now—well, well; perhaps you will not be so very wretched, after all. The aftermath may be richer than the first crop was. You will bless Time the mower. Yes, you will. Ask Claire—

[*She rises and moves away.*

Mme. Glyon *advances slowly from behind the stone summer-house and the bay and arbutus that grow about it. She holds out her hands to* L'Estrange *in a timid appeal. She says:*

Love! I forgive you. Will you forgive me? or will you despise me?

[*He starts and falls back; then takes her in his arms.*

Great God! How could I be so blind?

THE END.

BARNUM'S SHOW IN WINTER-QUARTERS.

In some of the old manuscripts of the Bodleian and Harleian collections, that date back to the tenth century, are found numerous quaint cuts illustrating the methods of training animals in the year 900 A.D. Bears are seen standing upon their heads, held in place by huge chains, cocks are walking about upon stilts, horses beating drums with their hoofs, while a timid hare, armed with sword and buckler, is making vigorous onslaught upon an armored ape.

These performances are cited among the remarkable events of the time, and it would be interesting to note the gradual development of methods of training animals from that remote period until now. That the present decade has witnessed a very high degree of systematic animal education will hardly be doubted by the frequenter of the circus, and least of all by those who have been fortunate in observing the workings and *persuasive* machinery of a well-regulated training establishment of to-day.

The largest and most extensive institution of the kind probably in the world is an adjunct to the head-quarters of Barnum's Circus, at Bridgeport, Connecticut, and in three spacious buildings arranged for the purpose near the circus ground many of the rare animals are wintered, and pass through initiatory and post-graduate courses preparatory to the coming season. In one of the rooms, about one hundred feet square, are ranged twenty elephants, nearly all moving about in the restless manner so peculiar to them. "We call it 'weaving,'" said one of the keepers. Nearly all animals have a characteristic motion. The elephants move their heads in and out, from side to side, with a kind of figure of 8 movement; the sloth-bear jumps straight up and down; tigers and lions jump over each other in quick succession, as you may have seen the acrobats do in the show; foxes "weave" in and out with a snake-like movement, and so on.

"There are a good many popular mistakes about elephants," the keeper continued. "It is a general impression that elephants never forget an injury, when in point of fact I doubt if they ever remember longer than four or five weeks, and curiously enough, when enraged they will attack their keeper in preference to any one else. The secret of elephant-training is to keep them entirely under subjection. If you give them an inch, they will ride right over you. The Indian elephants are the most intelligent, those from Africa being generally stupid, vicious, and hard to train. This little fellow is apt at learning"—patting an eight-hundred-pound baby elephant upon the head. "When he was born he weighed two hundred and fourteen pounds, and for quite a long time gained in weight *two and a half pounds an hour.* They grow until they are about fifty years old, and in confinement live to be about ninety."

In answer to a question the keeper made a sign, and the entire line of elephants broke out in a Wagnerian strain of no mean order of excellence. Pandemonium seemed broken loose. Trumpetings, shrill whistles, groans, and rumbling roars like thunder shook the very building. The lions, tigers, and hyenas took it up, and an avalanche of sounds swept down the line. It was confusion worse confounded, finally dying away in the maudlin whimpering of the bears.

Elephants are perfect barometers, and hours before the approach of a storm they will break out in a grand medley of all these sounds, some produced by the mouth, and others through the trunk. They are extremely afraid in a strong wind or storm, and never lie down while it continues, and, curious enough, they make a similar disturbance if a mouse finds its way into the straw; in fact they are in mortal terror of the little animal, perhaps from the fact that they have an enemy in some small animal in their wild state.

In obedience to a signal the baby elephant came out to receive a lesson. It certainly had a "fine open countenance," as the trainer expressed it, as it threw its diminutive trunk in the air, opening a cavernous red mouth to the full extent of the law of expansion. The educational machinery was simple, and consisted in the main of a block and tackle; the latter was fastened to the infant's hind-legs, and slowly they were hoisted into the air. Its head was now pressed upon the ground. This was repeated several times, until finally the baby lowered its head of its own will, and what is more, seemed much pleased with the operation, and was petted and fed by the keeper in payment. Moral suasion seemed to be the secret of success.

The large elephants were now ordered out, and no squad of *regulars* ever marched better in the matter of keeping time. They were open to criticism, but, as the keeper remarked, "*one* set of legs were bound to be in time." The orders "Right forward, fours right!" "By the right flank, double file!" etc., were obeyed to the letter, and at the command "Forward!" on they came, a solid line twenty strong, their thundering tramp shaking the very ground, presenting a wonderful and imposing spectacle, an impregnable phalanx of flesh and bone.

One of the most interesting of the curiosities in the establishment is the new baby elephant, which was born there on the 2d of February. It is a female, and was nearly a third smaller at birth than the other baby elephant, "America," born two seasons ago in Philadelphia. Its trunk is about seven inches in length, and the tail about the same. There was great excitement among the elephants when the baby was born, and their loud trumpeting made the building fairly tremble. Mr. Barnum has named the new-comer "Bridgeport," in honor of its birth-place.

Many of the larger animals are wintered in a town about twenty miles from Bridgeport, but the most interesting and rare ones are in this building, under the eye of the great showman. Lions, tigers, monkeys (who would talk were they not afraid of being put to work), a magnificent rhinoceros, a troupe of hyenas, wart-hogs, and sloth-bears are a few of the finer specimens. The rhinoceros seemed extremely docile, but the writer had met it before, and knew to the contrary, and could contribute an unwritten chapter on the peculiarities of the great beast. It was found necessary to place it in the Zoological Garden at Central Park, some time ago, and among a favored few the writer was invited within the building to observe the ease with which animals generally considered dangerous were handled by experts. The building was cleared by the police, and the wagon containing the brute backed up to the door, and several planks placed in position as a gangway; but the rhinoceros was in very close quarters, and refused to back without knowing where it was going. To persuade it, a rope was fastened to its hind-leg, and in this way it was gradually induced to back out upon the planks; but no sooner did they feel the weight (about six thousand pounds) than they gave away with a crash. For an instant the rhinoceros stood upon its hind-legs in astonishment, and then dropped upon the ground, whirled around like a deer, and dashed up the building. Three or four men held the rope, and as many more were entangled in it, and towing these, with an advance-guard of observing scientists and select visitors, the animal rushed to and fro, and the spectators finally threw themselves out of the windows into the arms of an applauding crowd. The keepers retreated behind the lion's cage, and finally coaxed the animal into its own quarters by offerings of soft bread. It was a miraculous escape, as the huge creature could have knocked down the whole building.

With the lions are several hardy fellows engaged in the education of these creatures—men who carry their lives in their hands. There is no kindness here. The green light of fury that follows the trainer about can ill be construed into friendship. Now he is in the den of lions; the four brutes jump about him, go through a number of tricks, snarling behind his back, and one in bad humor grinds her teeth and snarls in a way that bodes no good to the man does he give her an opportunity. He calls for a stick, and thrashes her tawny hide until her snarls are moans. The animals are never ill-treated, but strict discipline is a necessity, in fact a matter of life or death.

In another cage, surrounded by several leopards and tigers, sits a trainer holding one of the "pets" in his lap. Now he lies upon them, while a photographer seizes the moment to picture the group. Time and again these pets and the tigers, into whose cage he has now passed, have turned upon him, and only the reckless bravery of the man has saved him. Terrible marks upon his head tell of these times, while the stumps of several fingers tell the story of the hyena, the greatest coward as well as the most treacherous of all animals.

One of the most interesting mothers in this great collection is a kangaroo, and from the curious marsupium occasionally comes a quaint, old-fashioned face with long ears. Its fur is mouse-colored and delicate in the extreme, and for some time yet the little creature will remain concealed in the curious pouch where it finds both protection and nourishment. A fine porcupine adds value to the collection, and still continues, and probably always will, to inspire the credulous public with the belief that it can *throw its quills.* In some recent experiments with this animal it was found that it moved its tail and body from side to side with such rapidity that its motions could not be followed, and a luckless rabbit that had been placed in the cage was pierced through and through, several quills remaining in its body, while hardly any motion on the part of the porcupine was noticed. This will perhaps explain the general but erroneous belief in its powers as an animated "projector."

The great buildings do not contain all the objects of interest. A fine secretary-bird is met strolling about the grounds, and in the sun a party of pelicans are vainly attempting to imagine themselves in a warmer and more congenial clime. Their asthmatic breathing might be taken as an evidence of their inability to withstand the rigor of a Northern winter, but it is the ordinary voice of the bird, and most distressing to the listener. In a large building are twenty or more chariots in course of construction that are to form the latest attraction of the next season's "only greatest show"; one is in the shape of a gigantic shoe, that is to be filled with children, the offspring of a modern Mother Hubbard.

To attend to all the demands of this travelling entertainment over six hundred men are employed, whose duties are as multifarious as the attractions offered. In a building three hundred and fifty feet long, containing five tracks, are the cars for transportation, probably over one hundred, ranging from the richly furnished Pullman sleeper to the commodious car arranged for the comfort of the elephants and other large animals. So perfect is the system of this combination and so skillful the management that the enormous enterprise moves as a *unit*—the result of the experience of a lifetime.

DOROTHY.

By ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

Dear little Dorothy, she is no more!
I have wandered world-wide, from shore to shore,
I have seen as great beauties as ever were wed,
But none can console me for Dorothy dead.

Dear little Dorothy! how strange it seems
That her face is less real than the faces of
dreams;
That the love which kept true, and the lips
which so spoke,
Are more lost than my heart, which died not
when it broke!

THE DUEL ABOUT MISS IMOGENE.

Miss Imogene De Forest was eighteen years old, a beauty and a belle. Girls of all kinds, if they live, can be eighteen years old; but to be a beauty and a belle needs a concurrence of favorable circumstances. In Miss Imogene these favorable circumstances were of a decided order. She had a lovely face, a graceful figure, and she was the only child of the Hon. Lysander De Forest, an ex-Governor, an ex-Senator, and a probable foreign minister.

Besides, she had a very respectable private fortune, though young Jefferson Duval and Captain Milton Fontaine both averred that was the very least point in her charms, and not worthy to be named with her dark eyes and her bewitching smile. Girls of eighteen are not all-wise, and perhaps Miss Imogene believed this; at any rate she looked as if she believed it; and both Duval and Fontaine had many hours in which they certainly firmly believed it. When wandering in the moonlight under the orange-trees, or when whirling through the waltz in some splendid feast, they were both quite certain that nothing but Miss Imogene's personal loveliness entered into their dreams concerning her.

Hitherto, though both pretenders to Imogene's favor, they had preserved the semblance of friendship. Duval rather wished to do so; it gave him an honorable opportunity of watching his rival's chances; and Fontaine was of that order of men who like a little opposition. He intended at some favorable opportunity to make a *coup d'état* and at once and forever put poor Duval out of the painful uncertainties of love. For somehow he regarded his own success as certain, and if the confident heart wins the fair lady, and the faint one loses her, he had some reason for his blissful security.

One lovely evening in the charming May—for May is charming in Central Texas—Imogene was slowly riding across a prairie that was one billowy sea of grass and flowers. Duval was by her side, reciting Byron in a very touching manner. Imogene had casually noticed that two horsemen had emerged from a little wood, and were slowly following them; and she had also noticed that they had passed, at rather closer quarters than she liked, a herd of cattle feeding. Whether the magnificent bull leading them was irritated by Duval's floating scarlet neck-tie, or by the poetry, or by motives beyond human comprehension, is uncertain, but his anger was positive enough. Bellowing and tearing up the ground, he came furiously after the lovers. Poetry and sentiment collapsed, and the first law of nature promptly asserted itself.

Both put their horses to their utmost speed, but the prospect was not cheering. In fact, the question was this, Would the bull or the horses have the best of it in a race over two miles of open prairie?

"He is gaining on us, Duval, and I am turning sick and faint. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Let us separate. He can not follow both, and perhaps he will select me."

Suddenly the shouts of the men behind attracted their attention. Imogene glanced fearfully around. The two horsemen she had noticed were coming on at a thundering pace; and before she could check or turn her horse, one of them had risen in his stirrups, and thrown a lasso around the furious animal. It was now evident that Governor De Forest was one of these horsemen; the other, who still held the rope, was quite unknown both to Duval and Imogene.

The Governor quickly dispatched the bull with his rifle, and then, as the herd were evidently growing uneasy, the whole party rode rapidly home. Thanks and introductions were practically delayed, although the stranger knew that no thanks and no introduction would ever be more satisfactory to him than the glance and smile he had received in the swiftest moment from Imogene.

Duval was very unhappy. He wondered if he had behaved in a cowardly manner. The whole affair had been so sudden and rapid he could neither analyze his feelings nor his actions. Imogene had only said that she "quite excused him." Had there been anything to excuse? And then this stranger! He was quite as inexplicable. Governor De Forest had simply introduced him as "Mr. John Winthrop." He was a little man, with a plain, positive face. His skin was tanned, his hair light, and his eyes of that steely blue which always annoys weak and incapable persons.

Mr. Winthrop made very light of the adventure, and gave all the credit of the rescue to the Governor, except perhaps for one moment, in which Imogene and he once more changed eyes. The news soon spread through the little town, and Fontaine was very indignant at fate. "If only *he* had been with Miss Imogene! Managing wild cattle was a trifle to him. He would rather have enjoyed such an encounter than otherwise. He had half a dozen plans always ready for such emergencies," etc. And really he did look so gallant and so handsome that most girls would have been willing to face a herd of wild buffaloes under his protection.

Duval felt Fontaine's bravado a personal slight, but he did not wish to make Imogene the subject of a quarrel, and after a rather unsatisfactory visit the two men went home together.

However, next morning Captain Fontaine had the most graceful little note from Miss Imogene, asking him to bring his guitar and assist her in entertaining a few guests that evening. Duval had also one, equally flattering; for it touchingly referred to their mutual danger and escape, and hoped he would come prepared to finish the exquisite poem which had been so terribly interrupted.

The evening was a remarkable one in many respects. Scarcely ever had the ex-Governor's mansion been so profusely decorated and so brilliantly illuminated, and to the magnificent feast prepared all the principal magnates of the neighborhood had been invited.

Imogene had never looked so bewilderingly unreal and poetic. Her oval face, with its creamy color and soft dark eyes, was crowned with great waves of black hair and snowy flowers, and her long drapery of some soft silky tissue seemed to shimmer and glance like a fairy robe, as with winning smiles and gracious, graceful manners she flitted to and fro among the guests.

John Winthrop was among them. He did not dance, and he did not sing, and he smiled queerly at the very idea of his reciting poetry; consequently neither Duval nor Fontaine felt uneasy about his influence. Indeed, he seemed only to be able to converse on two subjects—property and politics.

Still, he had one great advantage—he staid in the same house with Imogene, and could see her in many favorable moments forbidden to less happy mortals. But Duval, who watched him closely, was soon convinced he was indifferent to this immense favor; for Duval had found opportunities of putting very clever leading questions to Mr. Winthrop, and that gentleman had answered them with the greatest candor.

Indeed, he was so much more polite and sympathetic than he expected that Duval, who really longed for a confidant, poured out his whole soul to him, and asked John candidly what was his opinion about his own and Fontaine's chances. Did he really think Fontaine would win Imogene?

John said he knew very little of women, but he thought Fontaine would *not* win Miss Imogene.

It is a comfort to have a confidant, and Duval brightened so much under the process of pouring out his hopes to John that Fontaine noticed the change, and began to fear that his rival had comfort and encouragement of which he did not know.

He was pondering this question very gloomily one night when he met John Winthrop. How it happened he never could tell, but in five minutes the two men were talking of Imogene, and Fontaine had told John all his hopes and fears with regard to her. John listened with interest, and even encouraged the conversation, though he tried to moderate Fontaine's complaints of Duval.

"For," said he, "it is only right to tell you that I am also Duval's confidant. I must say the affair is full of interest to me, and I can partly understand how it fills and colors all the hours of your two lives. For me, things are different. If I should fall in love, I could not afford to lose either an hour's time or an hour's sleep about any woman."

In this way matters went on for some weeks. John was the known confidant of both men, a post not half as difficult as it appears at first sight. For Fontaine often wanted to say something about Duval he did not care to say to Duval's face. He therefore made the remark to John, hoping that he would be his mouth-piece; and it is needless to say that Duval followed the same plan.

John smiled, and smoked, and listened, and kept very quiet—a thing easy enough to do, for both lovers only cared to hear themselves complain. That they kept up so long an appearance of friendship was entirely due to John's wise reticence, and his charitable rendering of such scraps of conversation as he felt obliged to report.

But smouldering fire can not always be controlled, and one night, when Imogene had been very haughty and cross to both Duval and Fontaine, they unfortunately met on the piazza of their hotel. Duval was despondent and prostrate, Fontaine angry and scornful, and Duval's air unconsciously irritated him.

"How ill-tempered Miss Imogene was to-night!" he said, fretfully, flinging his half-smoked cigar into the street.

"Miss Imogene is never ill-tempered," answered Duval, warmly. "I will not allow you to say such a thing."

"*You* won't allow me? Understand I shall say what I choose about that lady. I do not recognize your *right* to defend her."

"Nor I yours to blame her."

"Perhaps I have more *right* than you know of."

"That is a lying insinuation; you are no gentleman to make it."

"Do you dare to say it is a lie?"

"Yes, I don't mind saying it is a solid lie."

"You know the consequences of that speech, I suppose?"

"I know them very well. I am not afraid of you."

"Duval! Duval! I'll—"

"Oh, keep cool, Fontaine! Send your second to me at midnight. If your valor holds till morning, I'll give you a chance to prove it."

"Very well, sir. Understand this goes to the bitter end. I will receive no apology—not the most abject one."

"No apology will be offered you."

Then Duval flung his hat on his head, untied his horse, and rode rapidly up the street. He went, in fact, to John Winthrop to ask him to make the proper arrangements for a meeting between Fontaine and himself the next day. After a little persuasion, John agreed to do so; but ere Duval left, Fontaine tapped smartly at John's door, and made the same request. The two opponents bowed to each other, but left all speech to John, who, in truth, seemed admirably adapted for the part he found himself almost obliged to play.

He tried first to effect a reconciliation, but finding that impossible, made the strange proposition that he should act as second for both. "Gentlemen," he said, with a winning courtesy, "you are both equally my friends, and I am honestly disposed to do equal justice to each. Fix on some place and hour, and I will bring my friend Dr. Allen, and see everything as pleasantly and honorably settled as possible."

Both Duval and Fontaine bowed to this proposal. Perhaps neither of them was in his heart as blood-thirsty as he pretended, and a peaceably inclined second has a great deal in his power. So a little wood about two miles out of town was fixed upon, and sunset the following day was the fated hour. John had insisted on this delay, partly, he said, because he still hoped the principals might change their minds, and partly because it would allay any suspicion which their quarrel and late visit to himself might arouse.

So both Duval and Fontaine were at their usual desks in the morning, and their evening horseback ride was so common and natural that no one attached any unusual meaning to it. Both men arrived at the designated spot by different roads, but within two minutes of each other. Duval bowed, leaned against a tree, and smoked what might be his last cigar. Fontaine paced nervously up and down, waiting with great impatience John's arrival with the appointed weapons, which both men had intrusted to him. The sun set. The little wood got darker and darker—so dark at last that Duval's cigar made a distinct glow. Still, John did not come.

Neither liked to make the first remark, yet it was evident that for some cause or other their wounded honor would have to endure another twelve hours' wrong. Yet Duval was just lighting another cigar, when a little negro boy came running through the wood.

"Done found you at last, Mas'r Jeff. Thought you'd done shooted each other for sure. I's been a-lookin' all round yar since sundown."

"What have you come here for?"

"Mass'r John Winthrop send dese two letters—for sure he did, now."

"Where is he?"

"Done gone."

"Fontaine," said Duval, "will you have a match to read yours by?"

"Thank you, Duval, I will."

So by the light of a succession of lucifers both gentlemen read the following words:

"My friend, I am opposed to duels on principle; so is my dear bride, who hopes you will both remember her too kindly to stain her name with your blood. Your little foolish quarrel hurried our arrangements, which had been made for a month later. You will see now the wisdom of the advice I have always given you both.

"John Winthrop."

There was a moment's dead silence, then Duval said, "Fontaine, we have no quarrel now; and if we have, we have no weapons. Suppose we go back to the hotel and have supper?"

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Circumstantial evidence is sometimes not less trustworthy than direct testimony amply corroborated. Thus when a marriage ceremony in Washington was interrupted by the bride's father, who whipped his daughter with a rawhide, and kicked the bridegroom out of the house, a society paper of that city felt justified in announcing that the old gentleman disapproved of the match, though all the parties to the affair had positively declined to be interviewed.

It has been settled in Canada that the wife of Speaker Keifer of the House of Representatives is the first lady in the land, and has the privilege of entering a drawing-room before any other, the President of the Republic and the President of the Senate being widowers. Mrs. Keifer is described as being tall, with dark hair and hazel eyes.

The next time a paper is written on the heroism of the naturalist, the author should not overlook the man who claims to have discovered a variety of wasp that doesn't sting.

An Italian has discovered a process for solidifying wine. Thus any brand can be made extra dry.

A locomotive fireman on the Northern Pacific road became insane, overpowered the engineer, and ran the train at the rate of a mile a minute. The engineer managed to get the upper hand of his maniac assistant, and to stop the train just in time to prevent a collision. The crazy fireman leaped from the cab, and disappeared on the prairie. It was a freight train, but the same thing might have happened if there had been passenger-cars attached to the locomotive.

A Jewish paper tells the following story of the late Bernal Osborne, who was of Israelitish blood: "Once when he was dining with the late Sir Anthony Rothschild, his host asked him to try a long-preserved vintage of Clos Vougeot. Mr. Osborne at once accepted the invitation, adding that he and his host ought to be good judges of 'old clo.'"

American manufacturers are complaining that English and German houses are putting imitation American goods on the foreign markets. This sincere flattery they charge has been carried to the extent of labelling the spurious goods with American manufacturers' names. Perhaps this dishonesty will spread sufficiently to cause an awakening in this country to the magnitude of the frauds perpetrated here by those who put inferior home products on the market to be sold to those who prefer and are willing to pay for imported articles.

An employer of many laborers in Scotland sought to encourage their attendance at church on a holiday by promising that all who went to hear the service should be paid their wages the same as though they had worked. Thereupon a deputation was appointed to wait upon him and say that if he would pay them for over-hours they would "attend likewise the Methodist chapel in the evening."

If the *Scorcher*, a newspaper printed in Kentucky, should happen to fall into a controversy with the *Whooper*, a recently established Texas journal, it might be interesting to note its progress.

There seems to be some indistinctness in San Francisco regarding Oscar Wilde's pursuit. A newspaper of that city says: "Let Oscar Wilde hasten his steps to this coast. More than one tragedian has obtained his first genuine recognition here."

The young man who figured about a year ago as the "Sleeping Hungarian" in a Pennsylvania almshouse is awake, and is working in a rolling-mill at Allentown, where he is known as No. 36. His memory is still defective, but it is improving.

On the wall of the room in which the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association recently met was the inscription, "Talk to your cow as you would to a lady." Thus, instead of the usual form of request, we should have, "Pardon me, madam, for suggesting that you would find your attitude less tiresome if you were to remove your foot from the pail."

Wandering from his home in the East under a burden of disappointment in love, a young man found himself on a lonely road near Texarkana, Arkansas. There he was attacked in the night by two highwaymen; but his pallor and lankness were so little developed that he slew both his assailants. Then he revealed his name, told his troubles, and committed suicide.

Freshmen in American colleges and men who are about to go near the Czar of Russia may not wear tall silk hats. The reason for the prohibition in Russia is that such a hat might conceal a deadly bomb.

It is told of a prosperous Kentucky farmer that when he has to write a letter he drops in at the bank where he keeps his account and borrows a sheet of paper. Having written the letter, he asks the cashier to inclose it in an envelope and address it for him. Then he drops it into the post-office without any stamp, and the postmaster, recognizing the cashier's handwriting, affixes a stamp, and charges it to the bank.

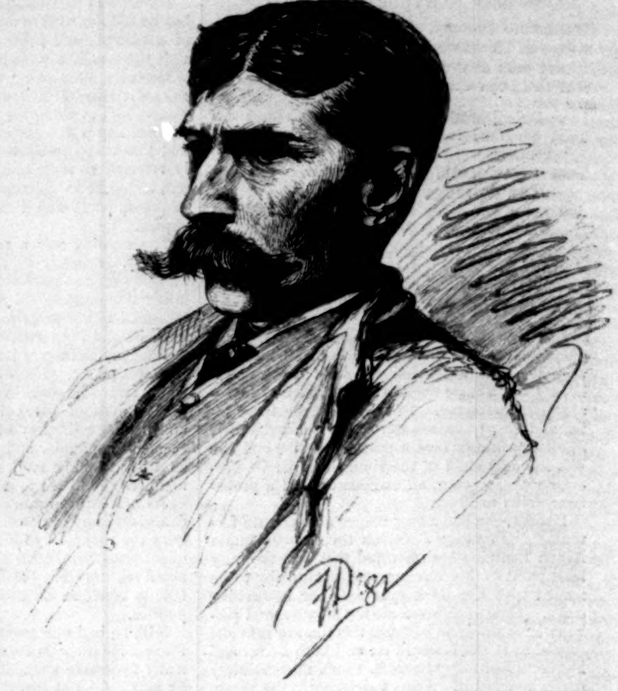
The salary of a Rhode Island legislator is only a dollar a day, and the State is so small that free railway passes are of no account.

The new palace of the Sandwich Islands King is nearly completed. It has cost about a quarter of a million dollars. The King, returning to it from his trip around the world, has decided to buy his furniture in the United States, and his chamberlain, Colonel Judd, is now in this country for that purpose. He will visit New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. The larger pieces of furniture will be surmounted with the royal crown. According to the description of the palace, it would not be an ornament to the finer part of Fifth Avenue, even if it were not built in a style to suit the Hawaiian climate.

A correspondent of a Chicago paper suggests the tattooing of criminals as part punishment. He would not increase the ink-colored area for second and later offenses, but would put each successive brand where it would be more conspicuous than the one preceding it. Thus for a first offense he would tattoo the forearm; for a second he would brand one of the criminal's hands; for a very grave offense he would put a brand on his cheek. These marks could not be erased except by a surgical operation that would leave a permanent scar. He claims that the fear of being thus branded would act as a powerful deterrent to those with a leaning toward crime. He doesn't consider the obstacle to reform which such branding would amount to; but perhaps he thinks the hardened and much-branded criminals could get an honest living, if they were so disposed, by exhibiting themselves in side-shows as tattooed men.

The progress of the fight against bob-tail street cars furnished illustrations of the different degrees of conscientiousness in the Brooklyn passengers. Some of them were so scrupulous that they left their five cents on the car seat when they alighted; others were so destitute of scruples that they not only refused to put their own fares in the box, but picked up and pocketed the nickels which had been left on the seats. Very few of the passengers would pass along the fare of any non-combatant who was disposed to pay. The managers, seeing the hopelessness of their contest, promised to put on larger cars, with conductors, as soon as they could make the necessary arrangements. Some years ago there was a similar fight in Chicago, in which the people were the victors.

THE HON. CHARLES E. PATTERSON.—Phot. by the Notman Photographic Co.



F. HOPKINSON SMITH.—From a Drawing by Frederic Dielman.—[See Page 109.]

THE SPEAKER OF THE ASSEMBLY.

The new Speaker of the New York Assembly is a man of extensive cultivation, and a lawyer of high standing. He was one of the most respected members of the last Assembly, and is said to possess great firmness and decision of character. Mr. **Patterson** was born in 1842. He graduated at Union College, and went quite early into public life. He was not prominently identified with either wing of the Democratic party.

STEPHEN A. WALKER.

Mr. **Stephen A. Walker**, recently chosen President of the Board of Education of this city and President of the Board of Trustees of the College of the City of New York, was born in Brattleborough, Vermont, in 1835. His father was the Rev. Dr. **Charles Walker**, a leading Congregational clergyman of New England. He was the valedictorian of the class of 1858 at Middlebury College. After his graduation he taught school in Geauga County, Ohio. He then studied law in Binghamton, New York, in the office of **Daniel S. Dickinson**, and was admitted to the bar in 1861. He served four years in the war as Paymaster. After the war he became one of the firm of **Buckham, Smales, & Walker**. He was appointed a School Commissioner in 1875 by Mayor **Wickham**, and was re-appointed successively by Mayors **Ely** and **Cooper**. He is a member of the Bar Association and the University Club.

Elected President of the Board of Education in 1880 and 1881, he is now for the third time discharging the important duties of that high and honorable office. Mr. **Walker**'s career has been throughout conservative. He has always been a stanch friend of the teachers, and he is universally popular among that large and deserving class of our community.

ALEXANDER LYMAN HOLLEY.

On Sunday, January 29, **Alexander Lyman Holley** died at his home in Brooklyn, leaving behind him a name of the first rank as a metallurgist and mechanical engineer. He had not completed his fiftieth year, having been born on the 20th of July, 1832, in Lakeville, Connecticut. During his boyhood he learned the machinist's trade, and prepared for the classical course at Yale College. Preferring, however, to follow the line of his first studies, he took the scientific course at Brown University, whence he was graduated in 1853.

His practical education was continued at the Corliss Engine-Works in Providence, in driving a locomotive on the Stonington Railroad for about a year, and again in a New Jersey locomotive shop. At twenty-four years of age he bought **Zerah Colburn**'s *Railway Advocate*, editing it until the hard times of 1857 came. Then he and **Colburn** went to Europe together to continue their engineering studies, and in 1858 their book on *European Railways* came out. It met with much success, and hastened the introduction of coal-burning locomotives. During the following year Mr. **Holley** went again to Europe, this time with **Henry J. Raymond**, as a correspondent of the New York *Times*, and predicted in its columns the since accomplished victory of the screw-propeller over the side-wheel in the navigation of the Atlantic. He became acquainted with **Brunel** and **Russell Scott** at this time. In 1860 he again went to England for the *Times*, and to make his return voyage by the *Great Eastern*, which happened at the time of her first disastrous crossing of the ocean ferry. During the same year his *Railway Practice* was published.

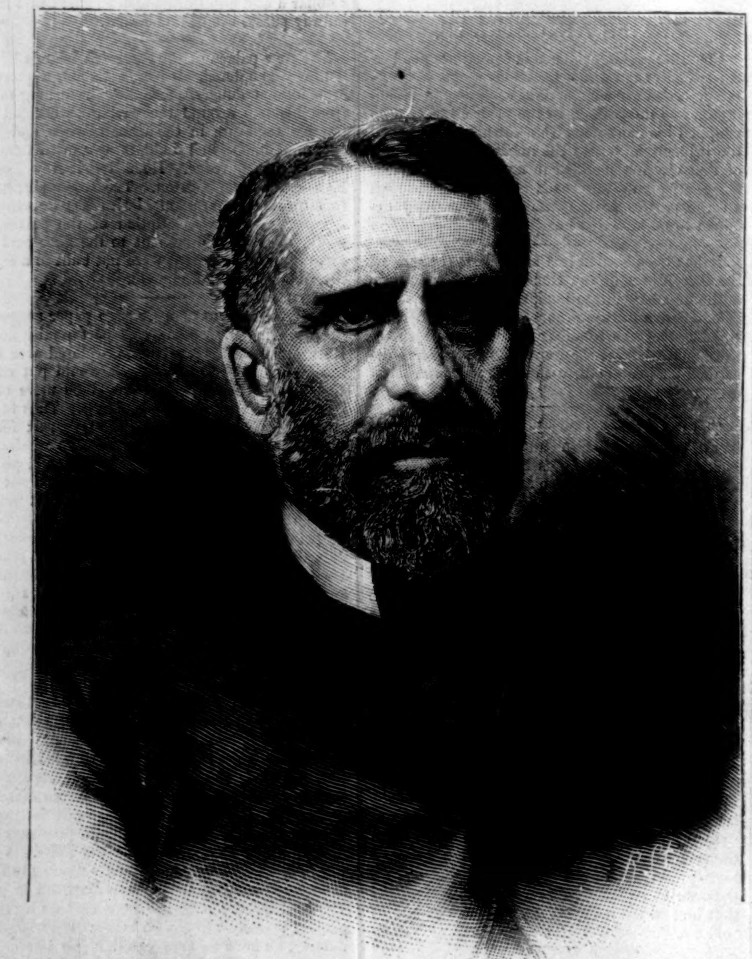
Mr. **Holley**'s wonderful energy and ability, shown in so many different lines of work, had now given him a wide reputation in his profession. The late **Edwin Stevens** employed him about this time (1862) as consulting engineer upon his famous battery, and he went to Europe to study the subject of ordnance and armor. The experience of this third European visit was embodied in his book on the subject, published in 1864. It was speedily translated into French, and the work still holds a high place as a study of naval weapons and battle armor, as developed in practice up to the time of its publication.

Mr. **Holley**'s chief work, however, still lay before him, and it was rather to identify his name with the arts of peace than with those of war. During this second trip he had given careful study to the Bessemer processes of making steel, and he saw at once the immense value of the improvements they embodied. After some negotiation he secured American patent rights in 1864, and at Troy, in 1865, he built for **John A. Griswold & Co.** the first Bessemer works in America. Subsequently the works and rolling-mills at Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, St. Louis, and North Chicago were built either entirely or partially under his direction. The great improvements that he introduced into the Bessemer processes made him the first authority in the country upon the metallurgy of steel and iron. His numerous contributions to technical journals on both sides of the Atlantic displayed a literary gift which is unusual among technical writers, and which may have been fostered by his early preparation for an academic course. His tastes and sympathies were of a wide and genial range. Of art he was especially fond, and many of our best-known artists were among his friends, the late **Sanford Gifford** among others. He was elected a member of the Century Club in 1868.

Mr. **Holley**'s friend **Rossiter W. Raymond** has told an incident which shows clearly his natural superiority in his profession. When about twenty-two years old he made a wager "that he could run a locomotive a mile without fire, water, or steam, the locomotive to be taken empty and cold from the shop, and towed by another engine to a point at some distance on the road, where a level stretch of track favored the experiment. Young **Holley** rode in solitary state on his cold locomotive to the scene of trial, and, unsuspected by his escort, so arranged matters that during the trip the motion of the drivers and pistons stored the boiler with compressed air. Of course this gave him, by the time the destined point was reached, an accumulation of power, by means of which he ran out his mile, and won his wager."

Mr. **Holley** was made President of the American Institute of Engineers in 1875, and in 1876 of the American Society of Civil Engineers. In 1880 he lectured on steel and iron at the Columbia College School of Mines.

We are permitted to quote from a very recent private letter from Captain **Ericsson**, in which this competent authority calls Mr. **Holley** "the greatest ornament of the engineering profession in America."



STEPHEN A. WALKER.—Photographed by Alman.

ALEXANDER L. HOLLEY.—Photographed by Pach.

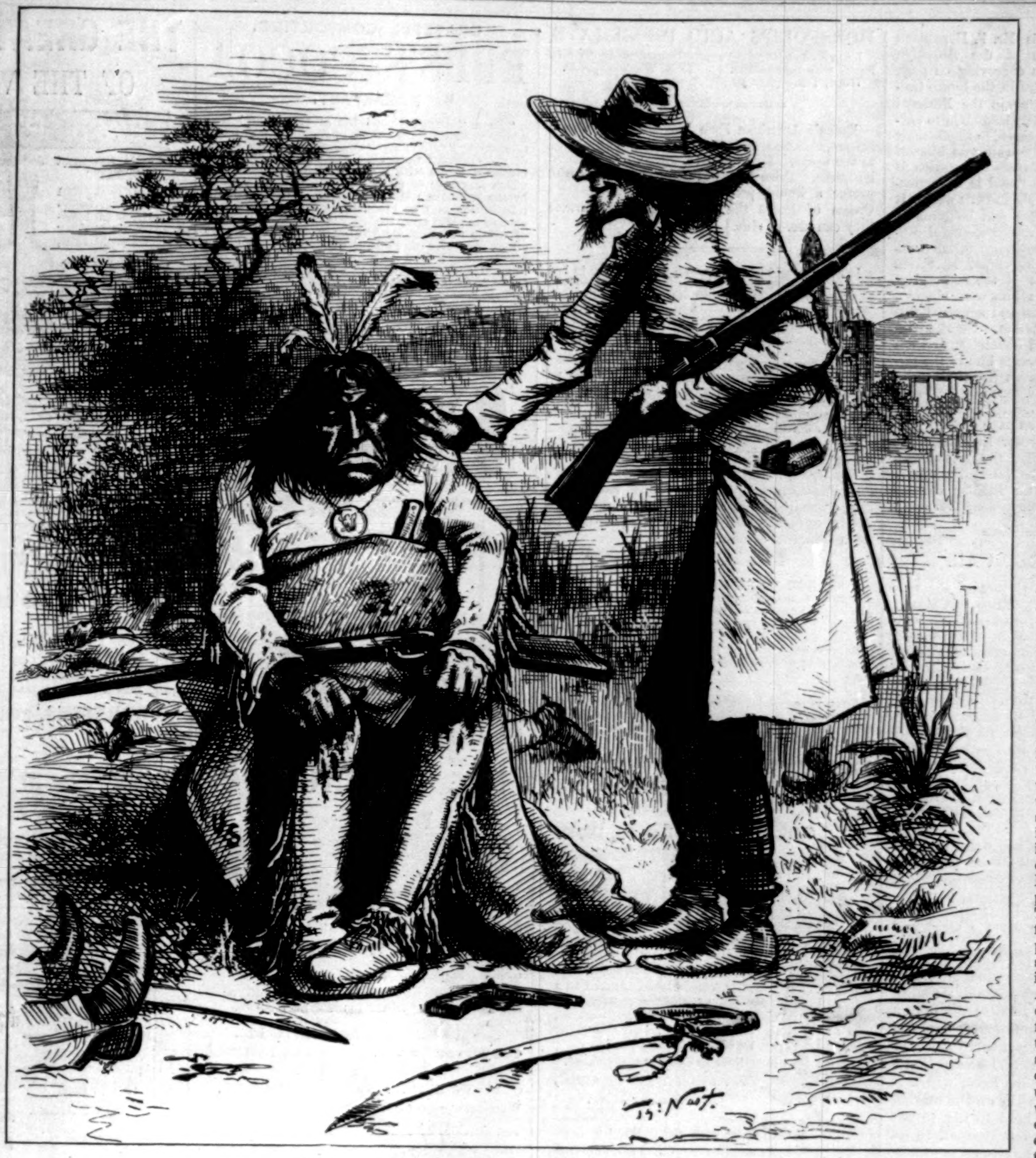
MORMONS AND INDIANS.

The reported alliance between the Mormons and Indians, which forms the subject of Mr. Nast's cartoon, creates great uneasiness in Arizona and New Mexico. Scouts and other well-informed persons assert that the Mormons are furnishing the Indians with arms, ammunition, provisions, and whiskey, and that there is a prospect of a general uprising in the spring. Secretary **Kirkwood** has instructed the United States Indian agents to exercise the utmost diligence to ascertain the exact truth of these charges, and to promptly report any evidence of interference with the tribes under their control.

EXILES FROM RUSSIA.

The Jewish exodus from Russia, to which we referred last week, promises to assume great importance. There appears to be no prospect of any abatement in the cruel persecutions to which they are subjected by their ignorant and barbarous foes, and they are looking toward the West for a new land of promise. A company of three hundred of these refugees from the rage of fanaticism sailed from Liverpool on the 10th inst., and a pastoral of the chief rabbi in London affirms that tens of thousands of his co-religionists will probably seek new homes and freedom from persecution within the present year. He says that enormous sums will be necessary to assist them in migrating to happier lands, and in providing for their immediate wants.

A large number of these unfortunate people, driven from home by the most cruel and relentless hatred, have already found refuge in this country. They have been kindly received by their co-religionists here, who have manifested the greatest hospitality in relieving their necessities, and aiding them to reach their destination in the West.



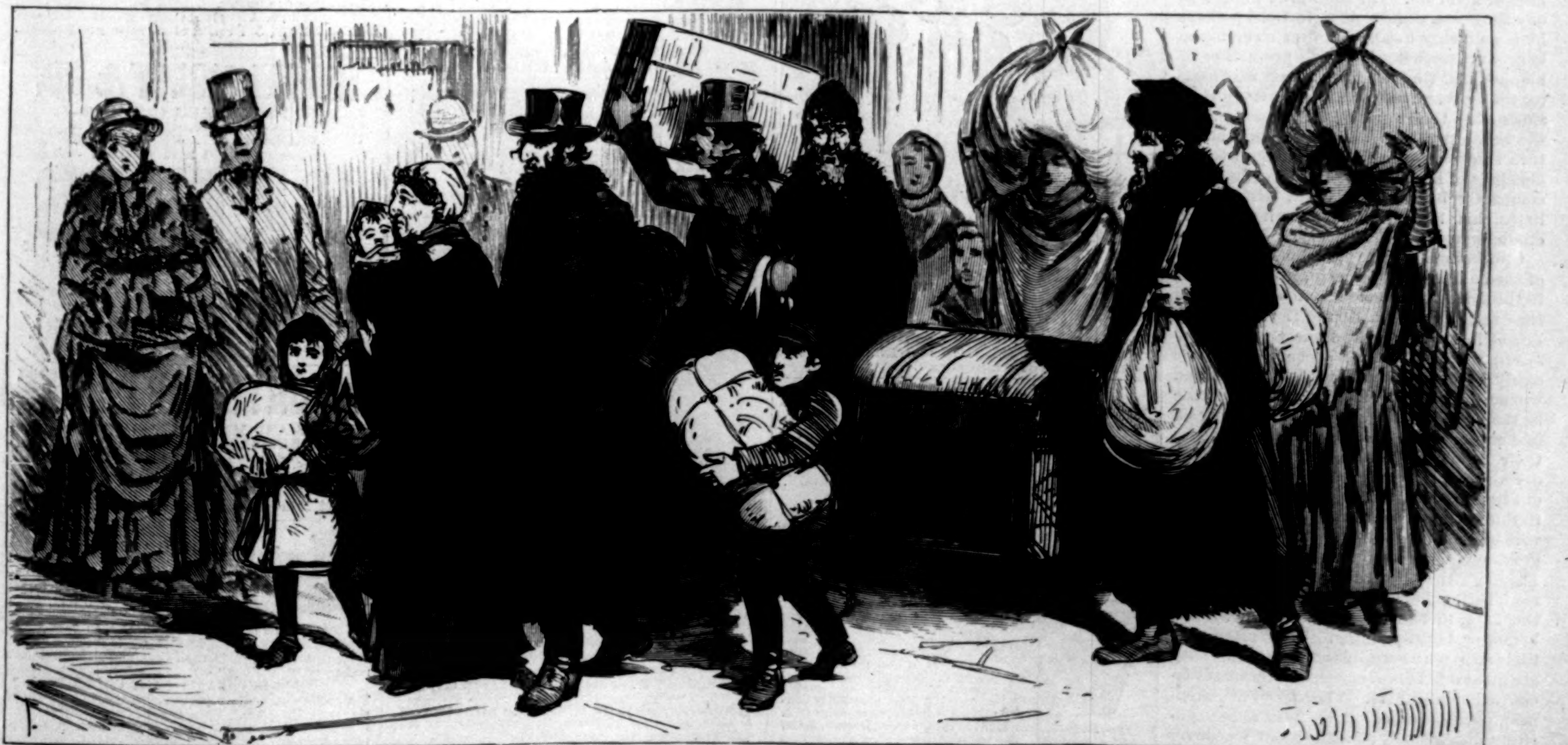
"WHEN THE SPRING-TIME COMES, GENTLE"—INDIAN!

Polygamous Barbarian. "Much guns, much ammunition, much whiskey, and much kill pale-face."

THE WATER-COLOR ARTISTS.

The landscape artists are particularly well represented in the present Water-color Exhibition, and their work is of unusual interest. With the better knowledge that has been gained of the technical limitations of water-color painting, its scope and best uses, there has been manifested a great improvement in the general direction and purpose of the work. The qualities of water-color that constitute its principal charm are tenderness and freshness of tint, delicacy of tone, and the finer gradations and variety of atmosphere that are conveyed by the use of transparent color. These qualities are attained only by the most faithful reference to nature herself; they are not the exploits of the studio or of mere dexterity, they are the results of the most conscientious study in the presence of the objects in nature that it is sought to represent, and in the fullest sympathy with and feeling for the conditions under which nature happens to reveal them. The most simple sketches made in the open air, where the expression of a single but distinct effect has been faithfully sought, possess a far greater value than the most elaborate efforts of the self-reliant colorist, however much the latter may delight the eye by their decorative charm, or by the beauty of composition that they may contain.

With the knowledge acquired of what they could not or ought not to do, our artists naturally have become less pretentious in their choice of subjects, seeking the picturesque rather than the scenic, and contenting themselves with materials susceptible of more intimate study. Once turned in this direction, they have speedily become aware of the picturesque value of the material at their very doors, in association with which they have grown up, but of which they had before remained wholly unconscious. There had been exceptions, of course—American artists working faithfully at home, unsuspected of any particular ambition, and in the annual displays obscured as to their merits by pretentious Venices, Italian lakes, echoes of French art from Brittany, and color-explosions from the Orient. These were feeble reflections of no effect and purpose, imitative instead of original, and in no sense American. After a weary probation of them, it is a relief to find that the wharves, the house-tops, the streets, and the bay of even a place so near to us as New York, the woods, meadows, and common places of the country hard by us—that all such as these have a beauty and picturesque interest that are all their own, and that are as valuable for the uses of the artist as anything contained in the older continent. The best landscapes in our present exhibition, which contains the best showing of art that this country has yet made, are those that are the most simple in their subjects and the most restricted in their themes. It needs no exhaustive scrutiny to determine this, but it is interesting and instructive to look into the evidence of it that is afforded by the work of A. H. **Wyant**, J. F. **Murphy**, J. M. **Shurtleff**, D. M. **Bunker**, C. **Wiggins**, F. H. **Smith**, J. **Smillie**, C. **Van Boskerck**, A. **Quartley**, G. H. **Smillie**, C. M. **Dewey**, B. **Crane**, and others. Among the most assiduous, vigorous, and effective



EXILES FROM RUSSIA—THEIR FIRST DAY IN NEW YORK.—From a Sketch by S. F. Yeager.

of our water-color artists is Mr. F. HOPKINSON SMITH, whose large sketch of the Brooklyn Bridge, of which we give an engraving on page 105, occupies the chief centre in the South Gallery at the present exhibition in the National Academy. Mr. SMITH's activity leads him to cover a wide field of artistic research, but he is most thoroughly at home when he concerns himself with local material. The picture in question is entitled "Under the Towers," and is a particularly interesting example of Mr. SMITH's work. It is treated with great freedom and boldness of method, and the result is a most successful conversion of prosaic and difficult material to a decidedly picturesque and striking effect. Mr. SMITH has the fullest appreciation of the material of American landscape, and in all his work shows a keen artistic sense of its uses and a remarkable capacity for its ready adaptation. He sketches with strong literal truth and directness, and not any artist that we have surpasses him in the fertility, effectiveness, variety, or interest of his work. A clever pencil portrait of Mr. SMITH by Mr. FREDERICK DIELMAN, drawn and engraved especially for HARPER'S WEEKLY, is given on page 108.

The sales at the Water-color Exhibition are large, and it is understood that the next exhibition will take all the space the National Academy affords, thereby compelling the Etching Club to exhibit separately or with the Salmagundi Association.

A NEW STREET CAR.

ON page 111 we give a picture of the new street car recently put in operation in Chicago, which, if it fulfills the anticipations of the inventor, may result in the banishment of track rails from our streets. The construction of this car is clearly shown by the illustration, as also the way in which it carries along a revolving track, which moves in a groove but not on a fixed axle. As the car is drawn forward, the truck wheels on which the body of the vehicle rests run on this revolving track, which from its size moves with less jolting over the inequalities of the pavement than would wheels of smaller diameter.

The driver sits on the small truck in front of the car. Our drawing is made from the first one constructed as an experiment. The trial trips have been quite satisfactory, and several cars on a more elaborate pattern, but on the same general plan, are now in process of construction.

THE MOUNTAIN LAPLANDER.

THE Laplander (says Du Chaillu, in his *Land of the Midnight Sun*), by the severe training he undergoes from childhood, sleeping on the bare ground or resting against a stone, suffering hunger, and being exposed to great changes in the weather, has very great powers of endurance. In summer he has constantly to follow his herd, which is for the greater part of the day on the march, as they are not then obliged to dig to get to the moss. He is also compelled to go through swamps and bogs, or to cross patches of soft deep snow, to swim or pass rivers swollen by melted snow or the flow from glaciers, as I have frequently done; often hungry, and obliged to milk a reindeer for subsistence, when he comes to the kata he is generally overcome with fatigue, and, changing his wet clothes, falls into a sleep brought on by sheer exhaustion. Frequently he wanders over a tract of nearly one hundred miles, remaining three or four days in a district, then moving six or seven miles farther. In winter he travels over dreary wastes, during violent storms, suffering from hunger and cold. On the watch night and day for bears, wolves, and gluttons, perhaps he is suddenly awakened after sleeping an hour, and summoned for the protection of his stock against enemies which may scatter the herd and reduce him to poverty. All this makes the mountain Laplander one of the hardiest of men, and his physical structure shows at once that he is equal to the demands of his life. He is of short stature, compactly but slightly built, with strong limbs, his light weight allowing him to climb, jump, and run quickly.

Ophthalmia is quite prevalent, on account of the cold winds and the glare of the snow; in the spring great care has to be taken with the eyes, as the reflection of the sun is very bright in April, May, and the beginning of June; without blue or green goggles one easily becomes snow-blind. The men and women are active to a great age. Their life in the open air and constant wandering on foot preserve the elasticity of the muscles; their simple habits, the keen invigorating dry air, and the pure water (which is without lime) all contribute to secure longevity to those who have been able to pass the severe ordeal of childhood. Many attain very great age, some more than a hundred years. Although the Lapps live chiefly on animal food, barley flour is almost always found in the kata, to be used for mush, unleavened bread, or blood-pudding. They often mix their milk with sorrel grass (Rumex). They are great drinkers of coffee, inveterate smokers, and snuff-takers. The vice of drunkenness, once so prevalent, has now almost entirely disappeared at home; but whenever they go to a town, and can procure spirituous liquors, they generally have a frolic for a day or two.

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Waco, Tex.—[*Adv.*]

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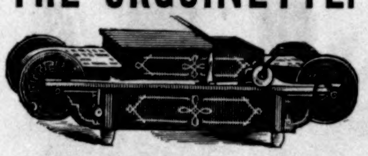

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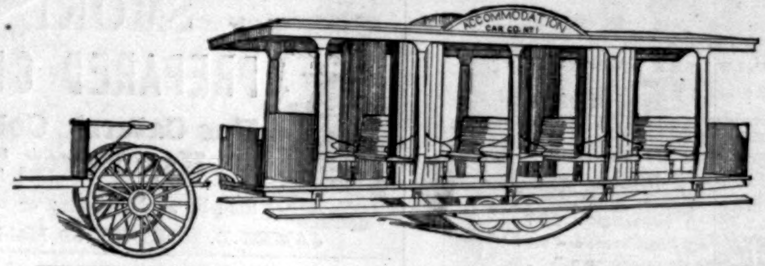

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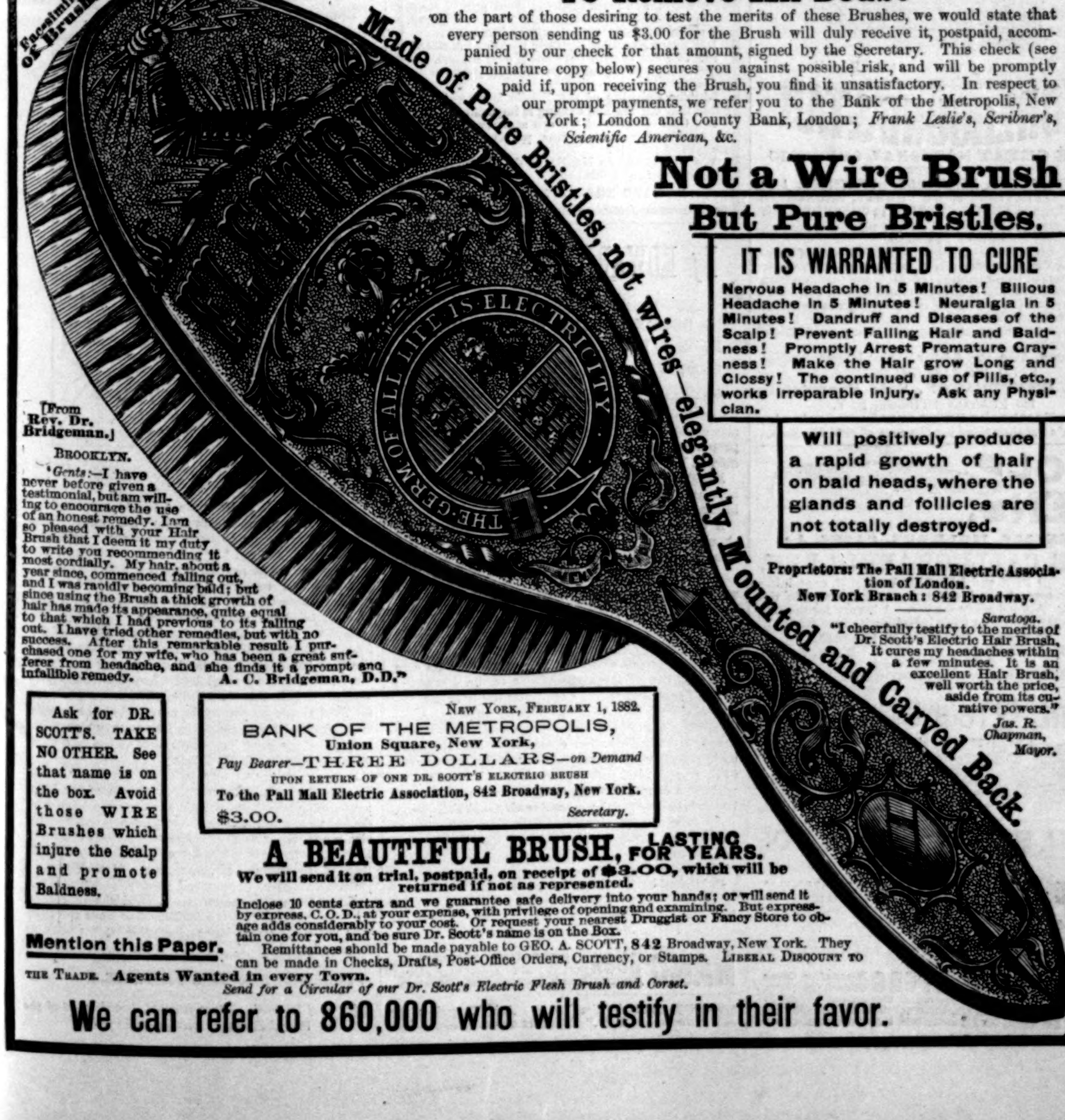
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